

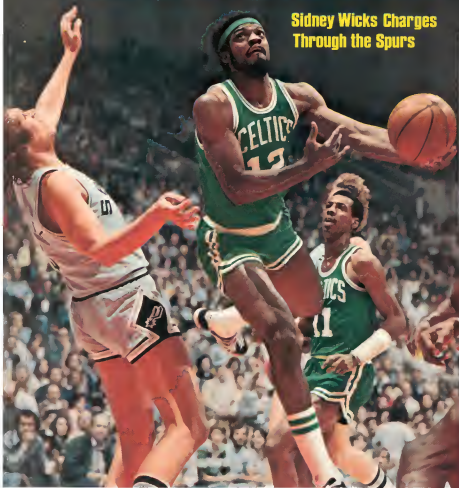
Sports Illustrated

APRIL 25, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

NBA PLAYOFFS

THAT OLD CELTIC MAGIC

**Sidney Wicks Charges
Through the Spurs**



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*Suggested list price.

Polaroid's SX-70 Alpha 1.



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Because a country without
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country without its future.**



Shopwalk

by JEANNETTE BRUCE

FOR FISH AND GAME THE FREEZE IS ON IN AN EXOTIC NEW KIND OF TAXIDERMY

Among the displays in Frank (Burt) Meyers' crowded garage-workshop in Kankakee, Ill. are two unborn does. The mother had been hit by a car, and when a cesarean operation failed to save the fetal deer, Meyers, whose hobby is taxidermy, decided to preserve them. They are now his most remarkable examples, lifelike and beautiful, of a new type of taxidermy called the freeze-dry process, a term with which anyone who visits the supermarket is undoubtedly familiar.

Conventional taxidermy requires tedious hours of messing about with formaldehyde, arsenic and, more recently, borax. Often the specimen is mutilated and additional time must be spent trying to repair or disguise the damage. Looking for a better method, Meyers was inspired by the freeze-dry process used by the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. The advantage seemed obvious: mammals, birds and fish required no cutting or evisceration and could be preserved with bones, organs and fur, feathers or skin intact, as though they had been stopped, not by a shot or a fishhook but by time itself. In freeze-drying the animal undergoes no radical change in appearance because only the moisture is withdrawn.

Meyers learned the system by means of a lengthy correspondence with Dr. Roland Hower, chief of taxidermy for the Smithsonian. "It is a correspondence that is still going on," says Meyers. "I have a question on a problem, he helps me and, well, you never stop learning, do you?" Enlisting the aid of friends and a group of local college students studying refrigeration techniques, he built his own freeze-dry chamber. It worked beautifully after a predictable period of trial and error and a flow of letters between Washington and Kankakee. But it was a small chamber, and his electric bill soared. Meyers bought an old 1,000-gallon steam boiler that would hold seven times as many specimens as the original model, and he and his cohorts started all over again. "For a while there," says Meyers, "it seemed that the entire population of Kankakee was dropping in to help or just to peck."

"Freeze-drying fish and game for sportsmen is really no more difficult than freeze-drying coffee for housewives," says Meyers, placing a just-finished multhead snake in a cupboard. His unit includes a compressor that keeps a large specimen tank at approximately 10° above zero (a home freezer is generally about 5° colder) and creates an almost per-

fect vacuum. Another compressor maintains a condenser tank at about 50° below zero. Both tanks are connected to a large pipe; a vacuum pump is hooked up to the specimen tank. When the unit is activated, the moisture from the animals in the specimen tank is drawn to refrigeration coils in the condenser tank where it turns to ice to be disposed of later. The vacuum pump keeps the specimens from shrinking. Throughout the process, Meyers constantly weighs them until there is no further weight loss, evidence that all moisture has been withdrawn. The specimen will neither thaw nor rot, because after total dehydration, inwards frozen at minus 50° take on the consistency of Styrofoam. Naturally, a six-point buck will take longer to dehydrate than an armadillo.

Nowadays, Meyers' steam boiler, which is only one diametric foot smaller than the unit used by the Smithsonian, is almost always full. A baby mouse lies cheek by jawl with a trout, a deer's head is stowed in a horseshoe crab and a coyote is alongside a pheasant.

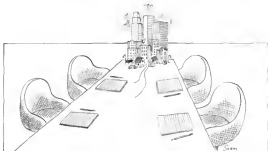
Meyers is particular about preserving animals in lifelike poses, which is fitting, because it is a rare customer who wants his dead fish to look like a dead fish. When preserving fish, he fastens pieces of cardboard to the fins and under the gill plates, holding them in place with paper clips, so that they remain open while freezing. By and large, fish colors must be restored by painting (exceptors are northern pike and muskies). Meyers points to a 6½-pound large-mouth high on the wall above an equally open-mouthed penguin. "The sooner fish and game are frozen by the sportsman, the better the chances are that they will lose almost nothing of their natural look," he says. "Too many people leave their trophies lying in the trunk of a car. Sometimes, by the time I get them a certain amount of spoilage has already taken place, and I have to work harder."

For large animals such as fox or coyote, as well as for birds, Meyers uses a homemade wire box for positioning the specimen, using bits of string and cloth and wire strips to hold the animal in place during the freezing process. Depending on the size of the specimen, he will take anywhere from one to five months to complete a job. He can be contacted at Route 3, P.O. Box 215, Sand Bar Rd., Kankakee, Ill. 60901. His prices are in line with standard taxidermy fees—about \$2.50 per inch. Books and documents damaged by a flood or attic mildew can also be restored in Meyers' freeze-dry unit.

A bear standing on its hind legs in a corner of his workshop, forelegs outstretched, looks ready to lunge at intruders. "Some say this isn't true taxidermy," says Meyers, "but what difference does it make how it's done when you get a specimen that looks like that?" One leaves, posing the two tiny deer nestled in shrubbery, their eyes as liquid and bright as the day they were unborn.

END

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Hockey posters run 18" x 24" Names in **bold face** indicate new posters.

Shopwalk

by JAY CRONLEY

A NEW PRODUCT FOR JOGGERS HAS HIT THE MARKET AND GETS CHEWED OUT

Every day after work more and more people go out and run. Those who may be allergic to what floats in the air outside run in a gym, and those who get shin splints from running on a hard floor in a gym run in place in their bedrooms. Those who have no bedrooms run in the kitchen.

This running craze is very hard on the police, since "Suspect seen fleeing on foot" used to be a good description. It is also rough on dogs. I know a dog that lives next to a jogging trail, and it had a nervous breakdown trying to figure out whom to bite.

So many people enjoy jogging that one day scientists will probably prove it to be hazardous to your health. They will prove that prolonged jogging causes dropsy. But today it is generally assumed that jogging promotes good health, the way it used to be thought

that eating nuth made you mean. I have tried to prove that jogging, if nothing else, makes a person dull, but everybody who jogs talks about the joys of wind whirling through their hair, the thrill of bringing their knees up high and bursting through cobwebs as if crossing the finish line at the Olympics. Everybody who jogs regards everybody who does not jog as a sinner in need of salvation.

I don't mind running if there is something at the other end of the trip, like a fly ball or a cold beer, but running to that tree and back has never been my idea of a good time. I always felt self-conscious running without anything in my hands—a ball glove, a flame, the next-door neighbor's paper, somebody's Dodge flipper hubcap. And I felt silly in cutoff jeans, being passed on the jogging trail by men 20 years older than I, who wore tapered sweatshirts with racing vines on the legs and on their headbands, wristbands and anklebands. It seemed that every time I jogged along a busy street somebody I knew would honk at me as I staggered red-faced toward an unknown goal, so I usually veered off into the bushes until the coast was clear.

This was, before the advent of Quench Gum, which is distributed by the Mueller

Chemical Co., of Prairie du Sac, Wis. You can purchase 100 pieces of Quench Gum for approximately \$3.99. Quench Gum is advertised as an "energizing saliva stimulating sports gum," which contains dextrose, gum base, corn syrup, citric acid, softeners, potassium chloride, artificial flavor and color and 044% sodium saccharin.

Before Quench, I was always too tired to speak to joggers as we passed on the trail, but with two or three pieces of gum in my mouth, I merely nod and nobody knows I'm on my last legs.

Until recently, one of the hazards of jogging for me was that I became thirsty about every 20 yards. My mouth frequently felt as if I had fallen face first into the dirt. Quench Gum has a tangy lemon-lime flavor and it quenches thirst immediately. It is flexible and, after only a minute or so, can be blown into nice little bubbles. Unfortunately, it does not enable the jogger to run any faster or see around corners. But Quench Gum retains its taste and prevents dryness in the mouth for about five blocks of jogging. It also comes in a handy plastic container, ideal for storing bus fare that will carry you back to civilization once you have polished off the gum.

END

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BOOKTALK

by MICHAEL MARSH

SOME MOMENTS OF REMORSE AND PRIDE IN THE PAGES OF AN ARCHER'S JOURNAL

Archery enthusiasts now number about three million worldwide, and within that group the growing popularity of hunting with bow and arrow is in large part the result of the activities of an archer from Grayling, Mich. named Fred Bear. It was Bear who developed the wood-and-Fiberglas-laminated bow back in the 40s, a breakthrough allowing mass production of bows formerly painstakingly constructed by hand (SI, Sept. 27, 1976).

Bear, who is in his mid-70s, has written an autobiography of sorts, *Fred Bear's Field Notes* (Doubleday, \$8.95), a day-to-day record recalling 15 of his more memorable hunting trips. The book covers the years 1955 to 1967, though Bear's career as a bow hunter has spanned half a century and encompassed four continents. In that time more than 125 big game animals have fallen to his arrows. Obviously this is not a book for implacably conservation-minded types, for the endangered Bengal tiger dropped by Bear's arrow is just as dead as if he were shot with a rifle. But a book must be taken more or less on its own terms, and Bear makes something of a case for his chosen life-style, which has to do with being an archer and the cat-and-mouse style of hunting that archery imposes.

To assure clean kills, says Bear, you must of necessity be a white-of-the-eyes hunter. Where a modern, scope-sighted rifleman is at the ships at ranges in excess of 100 yards, a bow hunter's effective range is often mere feet. Bow hunting, the author says, has reintroduced the art of stalking game, which is what hunting should be all about. By choosing to hunt with the bow and arrow, the man enters the animal's world. He must match his skills more directly to the animal's instinct; the hunt becomes a more equal contest—a sort of one-on-one confrontation between man and animal.

If the game happens to be dangerous, the hunter by choice puts his own life in jeopardy. To Bear, this fair-chase ethic is the hunter's ultimate concession to the dignity of the animal he is trying to kill. But, he says, the kill itself is secondary. He writes, "A downed animal is most certainly the object of a hunting trip, but it becomes an anticlimax when compared to the many other pleasures of the hunt. A period of remorse is in order. Perhaps a few words asking forgiveness for having taken a life. After this, there is a self-satisfaction for having accomplished a successful stalk and a good shot."

For the archer, naturally, the odds of tak-

continued

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BOOKTALK *by Leonard*

ing game are greatly reduced by the very nature of the primitive method of hunting, and Bear has pushed the art of stalking game, especially dangerous game to the point of brinkmanship. He has taken Alaskan brown bears and African horns at such close quarters that one wonders if he didn't smell their breaths. In 1962 on the Alaskan Peninsula, Bear shot an 810-pound Kodiak bear on an open beach at a distance of 20 feet. His subject wasn't killed on the spot, running 90 yards—fortunately, not in Bear's direction—before succumbing. Two years later, in Mozambique, Bear bagged a large bull elephant with one arrow. The number of times this particular feat has been accomplished in recent history can be counted on the fingers of one hand. The late Howard Hill did it in 1950. Bob Swanshart, a protégé of Hill's, accomplished it the same year Bear got his elephant. The author thinks there may have been one or two others.

Bear has been charged twice by enraged polar bears. About polar bear hunting, he observes, "A man will never know whether he is the hunter or the hunted."

Throughout his journal, Bear is attentive to the many rewards hunting brings: the opportunity for solitude and self-examination and for observing wildlife in its natural habitat, the comradeship of friends, the enjoyment of campfires, vanses, good horses.

As happens when a collection of letters or a journal is published without extensive editing, the going can sometimes become tedious. But in recognizing this, the reader is made more fully aware of the restrictive and often frustrating nature of hunting with the bow. One spends day upon day with Bear in stormbound cabins and tents, accompanies him on countless unsuccessful stalks.

And as if the limitations of the bow were not enough, Bear assumes the additional burden of filming his hunts. Long, uneventful hours drag on in cramped camera blinds. Potentially marvelous photos are lost because the camera is not properly set up or an uncooperative cloud covers the sun, or the moment the camera whirs the alert quarry bolts to safety. Then another animal must be located, another stalk executed. The book becomes at times an exotic traveling, and here the author's observations are perceptive and often charming. We learn that during a successful 1966 polar bear hunt, Bear and his guide landed their plane undisturbed at a DEW-line outpost, to the consternation of the radar operators. "How did you get here?" asked the technicians, Bear writes, "We wondered how efficient our DeWitt Early Warning system is. We had flown straight in front of their screen coming in and had, for five weeks, been flying 25 miles north of their site." But the most effective passages of the book are Bear's accounts of close encounters and narrow escapes. *The Field Notes* are a welcome addition to outdoor lore. **END**

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SCORECARD

Edited by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

THE RECRUITING GAME

The magazine *Coach & Athlete* recently surveyed major colleges to see which had done best in the annual football-recruiting sweepstakes. It found that No. 1 was UCLA, which signed no fewer than 10 high school All-Americans, nine of them from beyond the borders of California.

Ordinarily, California high schools are loaded with prospects, but not this year. "We felt there was a lack of quality football players in southern California," says UCLA's head coach, Terry Donahue. "So we decided it was advisable for us to look out of state. We acquired information about kids who supposedly were good players. The list was huge—maybe 300 kids."

The Bruin coaches bored the list down to an elite of about two dozen. "We cut the list a bit more when evaluation of transcripts differed from what we had been told," says Donahue. "Some kids weren't interested in UCLA, some had ties to other universities we felt could not be changed. We figured our first year of heavy out-of-state recruiting would be strictly an experiment. We wanted to get our name known around the country and hoped we'd get one or two. I can't believe we got nine!"

For UCLA it was the largest number of out-of-state recruits in many years. And to what does Donahue attribute his success? "We have a great academic program," he says. "We have an attractive campus. We had great exposure on television last season [four games] and we have kids who are great salesmen."

All of the above are important, no doubt. Yet when pressed, Donahue believes that a major role was played by the weather. "It was awful back east last winter," he says. "Whenever I went there I was greeted by 15° or 20° below zero. And every kid we brought out here found beach weather—75° or 80°. It was a beautiful winter in California. The kids were really impressed with the difference."

For the record, the other schools in *Coach & Athlete's* Top Ten recruiting institutions were: Oklahoma, Houston, Florida, Ohio State, Pittsburgh, Washington, Colorado, Auburn and Michigan. As for the theory that California weather was all-important in UCLA's success, how come USC isn't in the Top Ten?

SHOTS IN THE DARK

U.S. District Court Judge Gerhard Giesel of Washington has ordered the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service to re-examine its long-standing regulations that permit waterfowl hunters to begin shooting half an hour before sunrise. The order is a result of a suit filed by wildlife lovers who claim that pre-dawn shooting in marginal light results in the misidentification of species and, ultimately, in the killing of protected birds—or worse, of endangered species.

The judge ruled that the shooting hour regulations were arbitrary in that they did not show sufficient concern for the impact of hunting in relative darkness on protected species. He added that pre-dawn shooting should not be prohibited simply because some protected species were being killed accidentally, "by inadvertent action of hunters or otherwise. But there must be evidence in the record that hunting hours under the new regulations are so fixed that such killing is kept to the minimum consistent with other obligations imposed on the Service by Congress."

The Wildlife Service expects to have its studies finished before the 1977 waterfowl season begins.

HITTING THE NAIL ON THE HEAD

Before the California Angels' first game in the Seattle Kingdome, this year's opener against the Mariners, General Manager Harry Dalton asked USC football coach John Robinson for advice about playing in the massive new covered stadium. Robinson, whose Trojans had beaten Washington State there last fall,

thought about it, considered it, weighed it, then delivered his learned advice.

Recalls Dalton, "This sounds silly, but the only thing he could recommend is that we have the players cut their toenails real short. Robinson said that the traction in the Kingdome is so good that sudden stops caused his players' feet to slide in their shoes and those with long toenails suffered cuts and bruises."

HALOO! HALOO!

In case you think the evangelists preaching physical fitness at you everywhere you turn these days are a modern phenomenon, we call your attention to an editorial written by Lucius C. Bryan, editor of the *Southern Enterprise* of Thomasville, Ga., for the issue of June 13, 1860: "Why don't you take exercise? You, we are speaking to you—you ema-



ciated, energyless, lifeless, shrinking, imperfect specimen of humanity. Why do you sit all day motionless in your seat, or lounge upon a sofa, looking and acting as if born for somebody else to support? Do you mean to be all your life a sickly, senseless automaton...?

"You get up in the morning, wrong end foremost, and, with wretched impotence, mutter and growl all day long. Your very friends have forsaken you, and so they ought; for who could be a friend to so unmanly a creature, with not one solitary redeeming quality? Out upon such illness, indolence and imbecility! Go into the field and take the plowhandles or the hoe, or if you have none, go out into the street or the woods—anywhere rather than miss—and run, jump, turn summersets, halloo!

continued

at the top of your voice, until out of breath.

"Suppose you do come off now and then minus a coat-tail, bottomless, and caved-in beaver, are not these preferable to your sickening, contemptible, everlasting complaints? Go, then, give health and vigor to those injured bones and muscles, and store that empty cranium with useful knowledge."

William W. Rogers, professor of history at Florida State, who came across this exhortation, notes that Editor Bryan closed down his paper a year later to join the Confederate army. "His combat record," says Rogers, "indicates that he was in good shape for fighting Yankees."

SENIOR JUNIOR

When Art Schilling, the golf coach at the University of California at Riverside, heard that one John Mash, a junior majoring in business administration, had a six handicap, he invited Mash to try out for the team. Mash is now the No. 3 man and has lowered his handicap to four.

None of this would be particularly noteworthy except that John Mash is a retired Air Force colonel and is 52 years old. Thus, he is almost certainly the oldest intercollegiate athlete competing in the U.S. And not only that. When UCR Sports Information Director Bill Scott asked an NCAA historian to verify this fact, the historian said flatly, "He may well be the oldest ever to compete. We had a couple of football players in their 40s, but no one can recall anyone winning a letter when he was 50."

FUTURE SNOOK?

When Secretariat was sent to stud, there was some concern that the superb runner might prove to be an infertile sire. With his first crop of foals now two years old and beginning to race (page 68), that fear is long gone, but a new one has risen. Citation, the last Triple Crown winner before Secretariat, was pretty much a failure as a beggetter of outstanding horses, and Seth Hancock, the master of Claiborne Farm in Kentucky, where Secretariat stands at stud, has told Bill Nack of *Newsday*: "I know I'm a fool to say this in a newspaper, but I don't have complete confidence in Secretariat. I just didn't like his foals the first year. One was swaybacked. One was over at the knees. Another was straight in the knees. One was very light-boned. One was real small. One was too big."

Hancock is much higher on the foals of Riva Ridge, Secretariat's stablemate, who won the Kentucky Derby and the Belmont in 1972. Breeders of thoroughbred horses like sires that put their "stamp" on their foals, certain characteristics of color, size and shape that are sort of a trademark of the sire. Secretariat's hugely successful sire, Bold Ruler, had this quality, and so apparently does Riva Ridge, whose foals tend to look like him. "The Secretariats were all different," Hancock said.

"Still," he went on, "I have seen some foals from his second crop, the ones that are yearlings now, that look very promising to me. I suppose it's everybody saying Secretariat is a living cliché that makes me worry he won't make it. There's no way he can do as well as everyone expects him to do."

CHANGING TIMES

For seven years the names Immaculata and Cathy Rush have been synonymous, but no more. Rush has resigned as women's basketball coach at the tiny (500 students) Catholic college in suburban Philadelphia, saying it is time to move on. She made up her mind to leave last fall but, unlike Al McGuire, requested that her pending departure be kept confidential to avoid putting pressure on her team.

Only 29, Rush said she was "physically tired" and "basketball saturated." She might have added "highly accomplished." She led her Mighty Macs to national titles in 1972, '73 and '74, finished second to Delta State in '75 and '76 and was fourth in this year's ALAW tournament; hers was the only team to make it to the final round in all six championships. Immaculata was the first women's basketball team to appear on national television—against Maryland in February 1975—and a few weeks later, along with Queens College, was the first to play in Madison Square Garden. Rush also coached the U.S. women's team to a gold medal in the 1975 Pan-American Games.

She moved the women's game from the punch-and-cookies, play-for-the-fun-of-it level to center court. Her assistant coach this season, Marianne Crawford Stanley, a former Immaculata All-American, says, "She took women's basketball out of the shadows and she put Immaculata on the map."

Now Rush hopes to go into broadcasting, writing and promotion. Despite the fact that coaching left her with too little

time to be with her husband Ed, an NBA referee, and their two young sons, a bid to coach at a major school would be tempting. Sue Gunter, coach at Stephen F. Austin University and a U.S. Olympic team assistant, says, "I hope Cathy will be back. It's more fun to compete against the best."

DUCK SANS L'ORANGE

You may find this hard to believe, but University of Rhode Island students have been working on an experiment that tests the willingness of ducks to swim through eight different colors of water. Researchers deprive the ducks of food for up to 48 hours, then bring them out on a ramp leading to a pool of water that has been dyed black, yellow, blue, green, violet, indigo, red or orange. Across the water there is food. The ducks dash quacking into the colored water and puddle toward the food with varying degrees of enthusiasm. When the water is dyed orange, however, the ducks show an obvious reluctance to get in the swim.

And what possible value might all this have for man or duck? The students surmised that in the event of an oil spill, orange dye spread around the slick might keep waterfowl from swimming into the oil, thus saving their lives.

THEY SAID IT

- Sal Bando, Milwaukee Brewer third baseman, observing that Vida Blue is one of two remaining members of the Old Guard with the Oakland A's: "We look upon Vida as a hostage."
- Vitas Gerulaitis, New York-born tennis star, on why the rubber indoor court is his favorite tennis surface: "The guys from Europe like playing outdoors on clay because of the sun and the birds that sing. We don't have birds in New York. We just have honking horns."
- Phillies sportscaster Richie Ashburn, discussing rookie First Baseman Dade Long: "The kid doesn't chew tobacco, smoke, drink, curse or chase broads. I don't see how he can possibly make it."
- Frank Howard, 6' 7" former major league outfielder, now a 350-pound Milwaukee coach: "If I could hit my weight, I'd still be playing and I'd be in the Top Ten."
- Lou Brock, asked what his teammates call Cardinal Pitcher Eric Rasmussen, who last year changed his name from Harry: "It's a little confusing. It usually comes out something like 'Airy.'" **END**

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THE BEARING OF THE GREEN

Proud, confident, combative—the Boston Celtics were all that last week, sweeping aside San Antonio and winning a big one in Philadelphia **by Curry Kirkpatrick**

A way off in future shock, or about the time basketball referees have perfected the 24-second picket line, somebody will uncover evidence of the demise of the Boston Celtics. How the rickety old Celtics came to the end of their championship banners and victory cigars. How John Havlicek finally turned 90 and Charlie Scott broke his neck and a shoulder as well as both legs. How Tom Heinsohn collapsed an entire row of benches during a fat attack and Dave Cowens bolted to sell cold cream to the Trobriand Islanders.

Of course, all of this may not happen until the next millennium. For today, tomorrow and maybe for as long as the 1977 NBA playoffs continue to make labor-relations news, it appears as if the same old Boston Celtics will be running past their injuries, gunning down their travails and outconfidenting everybody in sight.

"They come out, look at you and know they're going to win," says San Antonio Spur Coach Doug Moe of the men in green. "When a team knows it's going to win, it wins. The Celtics always have known."

They always have. And last week, after a season unequalled in turmoil and in desperate phone calls to the missing-per-

sons bureau, there was Boston again in the thick of the playoffs. After flicking aside their first-round opponent, the Spurs, in straight sets, 104-94 and 113-109, the Celtics looked as good a bet as any to successfully defend a championship that in the past winter of their discontent seemed out of reach.

If Sunday's first game of their four-out-of-seven glamour series with Philadelphia was any indication, however, the NBA may have on its hands another Rocky Balboa-Apollo Creed number. For after a puzzling afternoon of doing things like falling behind by 13 points in the first half and by nine points in the fourth quarter, after watching helplessly as Julius Erving (36 points) put on one of his quintessential playoff shows, the Celtics clawed back, caught Philadelphia and nailed the 76ers 113-111 when Jo Jo White's jump shot from the left baseline dropped as the final buzzer sounded.

Even the winners were startled by this turn of events. Havlicek, who was appearing in his 166th playoff game (a world record) and should be used to such things, joined in the jumping and hugging at center court. Cowens and Scott faced each other and wiggled away in a primitive dance. The Celtics didn't seem to want to leave the floor.

continued

If Cowens' intensity is in question, you couldn't prove it by Olberding (left) or Distric



"That was the Kentucky shindig," said Cowens, who had dominated the inside with 21 points and 15 rebounds.

"That was happiness," said Scott.

If it is true, as some say, that the current Boston team is a patchwork bunch that hardly personifies The Celtic Way, it must be pointed out that the team didn't play together as a healthy unit until two weeks ago. That was when Scott came off the injured list to rejoin Sidney Wicks and Curtis Rowe, the former UCLA tandem with the fragile psyche, and reacquaint himself with Cowens, who had missed 30 games himself while on sabbatical to a farm, a harness track, a toy store and a state of total confusion.

Suddenly everything fell into place. Gone were the stresses that prompted Havlicek, a 15-year veteran, to say he "felt like a stranger." Forgotten was the team meeting when Scott supposedly pointed a finger at Wicks and said, "The trouble is him! He's not a Celtic." While near the mark, the charge could hardly have come from a less orthodox Celtic than Scott, the tempestuous heaver of rainbows. Even Cowens might have laughed. If, that is, the redhead had not already packed up his knapsack and headed off in a truck to nowhere.

But all this was behind them last week, and what Boston did to San Antonio in their warmup mini-series—best two out of three—was what the Celtics have been doing for centuries: collect their egos, run the break, set their patterns, play aggressive defense and absolutely pound the Spurs into dust on the backboards.

"Maybe the team personality is different, but they look the same to me," said an old Celtic named Bob Cousy. "The fundamental stuff is there for the Celtics to be the most consistent team in the playoffs. If Cowens gets back his intensity on offense, they're going to sneak in again."

It is clear from his expressions and on-court attitude that Cowens has regained sufficient intensity since he returned to the team on his own terms. Yet, other things still are as important to him as basketball. A hack license, for example. The night after the Celtics' opening playoff victory in Boston, Cowens was seen driving taxicab No. 352 near Chinatown by a *Boston Globe* reporter, who flagged a ride and figured on a sure scoop. Only Cowens later left a note at a bar for a friend from the rival *Boston Herald*. "I think this story stinks, but handle it the

way you want," he wrote. "P.S. I had six fares and made good tips."

Though San Antonio is a psychedelic outfit that lives on stretches of unconscious shooting, the Celtics had handled the Spurs 4-0 during the season by intimidating them with Cowens and Wicks, and they did more of the same last week. Perhaps playoff pressure and Celtic mystique are not merely catch-phrase rhetoric in the coaches' garden of verses after all, inasmuch as two statistics stood out.

Boston, which led the NBA in rebounding, beat the Spurs off the glass 72-50 and 58-50. San Antonio, which led the league in free-throw shooting percentage, made only 14 of 23 and 25 of 39, some 16 percentage points below the team average. "Mystique?" said Spur Guard George Karl as he walked into Boston Garden Tuesday night. "Sure there is. I'm a trivia guy and I always wonder whose uniform numbers those are hanging from the rafters."

Just then Havlicek walked up. "John, do you know all those numbers?" Karl asked.

"Know them?" said Havlicek. "I played with most of them."

The two games were much like the conversation, the Celtics parrying everything the Spurs had to offer—even what looked like an honest San Antonio effort to play defense in the opener. This came to naught when Scott and the remarkable playoff shooter, Jo Jo White, broke loose in the fourth quarter to combine for 25 points while the San Antonio star, 6' 7" Guard George (Ice) Gervin, got deeper into foul trouble by committing charging fouls.

"When Ice gets mad, he charges," moaned Moe afterward. "I can see it coming." When Ice gets mad, he turns to slush, too. Gervin missed 12 of 21 shots.

Ultimately, San Antonio lost the offensive boards 21-13, mostly because Larry (Special K) Kenon and Mark Olberding did not block out Rowe and Wicks.

"If this is what the playoffs are about, I love 'em," said Wicks, who had 16 points and 11 rebounds in his postseason debut after six years in the pros.

In the Spur camp, meanwhile, all was gloom. The team had lost five of its final six regular-season games to blow the home-court advantage. Now it had dropped another to Boston. "It seems like we've been in a funeral for two weeks,"

said one player, "but we can't get to the graveyard."

Kenon, a sensitive soul, was still sulen over losing "Most Popular Spur" to Gervin in a fan vote. "This town has Gervinitis," he complained. "They don't recognize me enough. I'm the best player in the game."

"K's just K," drawled Gervin.

Although other NBA officials were striking, veteran Referee Richie Powers had worked the game in Boston. But for Friday's game in San Antonio the NBA sent two standby officials, Roger McCann, a former bartender at the Salty Dog on Long Island, and Don Durr, whose name, said a Spur, sounded "like some female tennis player."

"We got to get tough and bust some heads," said Moe, who conceded that his team's reputation for coming up short on competitiveness was richly earned.

The inexperience of the officials in the face of one of the league's more hostile crowds worked in favor of the home team as the Spurs came out jingle-jangle-jingling. Gervin bloodied Rowe's nose, and young Olberding sent Cowens sprawling as San Antonio scored the first eight points of the game. "Hey, Cowens," one fan screamed, "call me a taxi."

But, as Heinsohn was to say later, "We took their best shots and regrouped. My team does not roll over." White scored seven straight points and Boston slowly worked its will on the Spurs again.

Referees McCann and Durr soon lost all control of the infighting. Scott seemed particularly upset that his defensive work on Gervin was going unappreciated. In the second quarter Scott deliberately stood in front of Gervin—who was waiting to shoot a free throw—long enough to incur a team technical foul for "delay of game." In the third quarter Scott startled everybody by punching the ball away from Coby Dietrick, who was attempting to shoot the second of a two-for-one.

McCann nailed the Celtics with another delay-of-game technical, whereupon Scott blew up, used some magic words and was kicked out.

Dietrick had the most accurate description of what was happening: "Both teams trying to psych out two refs who are walking around blank, trying to figure how to get out of the building."

The Spurs cut Boston's 13-point lead to four late in the game by pressing the Scott-less Celtic backcourt. But White kept hiding behind screens and popping

one or another of San Antonio's pitiful defenders. He ended up with 38 points and, as Cowens said, "made me look good in the assist column."

"Other teams we run," said Special K in a postmortem. "The Celtics run us. Did Jo Jo miss? I didn't see the man miss."

White didn't do too much missing in Philadelphia on Sunday, either, but he saved his best for last. In the first half the 76ers fought around the Boston picks, switched well and stymied the Celtic backcourt. Philly's Henry Bibby, the team's most consistent player all season, played masterful defense on White while Doug Collins scored 19 points as the 76ers took a 67-59 lead.

But the Sixers' fast break came to a halt in the final period, the home team going for more than seven minutes without a bucket. By that time White and Scott were back on target (they combined for 43 points) and Boston briefly went into the lead.

With 31 seconds to go and the score tied at 109, White hit a long jumper from behind a wall of screening Celtics. Boston got the ball back when Philadelphia missed two shots. But with 15 seconds remaining, Havlicek threw an in-bounds pass across the court and practically to New Jersey, and when Erving whirled underneath for the tying hoop (111-111) and was fouled, it looked like the 76ers' game again. But Doctor J missed his first free throw. Then he missed his second. There were six seconds left and the Celtics had one chance to win.

Make that three chances. White fired from the right. Off the rim, Wicks, who contributed 21 points and 13 rebounds, threw up a prayer, but Erving came out of the rafters to swat the ball away. "I thought we were going to overtime," said the Doctor.

Instead, White was going downtown. Having crossed all alone into the corner, Jo Jo came up with the loose ball and shot the winning 12-footer.

"That's just the business," said Erving. "You have a great day and still come up empty."

Dancing Davey Cowens was asked if he would be driving a cab away from the Spectrum. "I only got a license for one state," he said. But as this savage series raged on, both teams realized that the Boston Celtics were, indeed, in the driver's seat.

END

AND BACK AT THE RANCH



The survivors in the three other mini-series had to work harder than the Celtics: The Trail Blazers' Bill Walton (above) traded elbows with Artis Gilmore of the Bulls for three rugged games before the Blazers put out the Chicago

fire. The Warriors and Rick Barry (below) also needed three to get by the Pistons, the last game being marred by a five-minute melee. The Bulls got into the Eastern semifinals, but not before being taken to three by the Cavaliers





Doug Ault, a 27-year-old rookie first baseman, became a hero by hitting two homers on Opening Day.

TIP OF THE HAT, CUT OF THE BAT

To win over their fans, the Toronto Blue Jays have doffed their caps and hit some long raps. But where's the beer?

by Ron Fimrite

Otto Velez, an obscure player even by Toronto Blue Jay standards, was enjoying a rare moment before the TV lights in the clubhouse one day last week. A youthful newsmen, dapper in a three-piece suit of improbable hue and immense checks, had thrust a microphone in front of Velez and was inquiring what had passed through his mind when he pinch-hit the three-run, eighth-inning homer that had given the expansion team its fifth win in its first week and, astonishingly, a share of first place in the American League East. Velez was glad he was asked that question, because he had an amusing story to relate. It seems he had come to bat somewhat more relaxed than he might have been, since he thought that the score was tied. In fact, it was 3-2 in favor of Detroit, but Velez had been warming up in the clubhouse, don't you see, and was not aware that the Tigers had scored the go-ahead run in their half of the inning.

Velez smiled in anticipation of all those Canadians chuckling before their tellies at his anecdote and began to speak in a lilting Puerto Rican accent: "I'm glad you asked that question. You see, I didn't know. . . ." The cameraman stepped in suddenly. "Oops, sorry, Otto," he said. "We're out of film. Maybe later." Velez was only mildly disappointed. It had been such a banner week for all of the Blue Jays that it seemed obvious this would not be his last moment in the limelight.

Velez and his teammates, most of them either too young or too old for other teams' tastes, had been prepared to accept adversity graciously and entertain their fans in ways other than winning, like doffing their caps after homers or

dangling infant spectators on their knees. But in their first seven games, the Blue Jays had won two of three with the White Sox and taken three of four from the Tigers. They were flying high and loving it, though they knew it would not be long before they would come to earth. To a degree, that is exactly what happened at week's end when Toronto went on the road for the first time, lost three at Chicago and fell to third place.

"We have no particular goals," says Blue Jay Manager Roy Harrisfield. "We don't have any phase one, phase two or anything like that. We're not saying how many games we'll win. We're just trying to maintain a positive attitude. If we do, we'll surprise a few people."

That the Blue Jays were winning more than they lost was surprise enough for the 146,041 Toronto fans who showed up for the first seven games. They would have cheered the new team for accomplishing nothing more than lining up at the right positions. In this first glorious week, discontent was registered only over the absence of beer in the ball park. By law, alcoholic beverages cannot be served in any sports facility in Ontario. Exhibition Stadium thus claims the singular distinction of being the only brewless major league baseball park. For years fans of the CFL Argonauts and the NHL Maple Leafs have neatly sidestepped the prohibition by brown-bagging it, but baseball fans are obviously much more aboveboard. At every Blue Jay game last week they set up the plaintive chant, "We Want Beer! We Want Beer!" The beer issue has been the subject of considerable letter-writing to the three Toronto newspapers, which have responded with editorials, and if political soundings are accurate, headier days lie ahead.

The Blue Jays may lack beer, but they are already in the gravy. Because of the relative inexperience of its players, Toronto has the lowest payroll in the majors and, with Labatt brewery—oh, the irony of it!—among its owners, one of the best-heeled front offices. And according to General Manager Peter Bavasi, the Blue Jays took in more money before the season opened than any team has in major league history, about \$7 million from the sale of 8,500 season tickets, radio and television time and an appalling array of decals, posters, T-shirts, caps, books and even a hit record. *The Blue Jays*, a disco

number performed by a Niagara Falls (Ont.) group known as Paul's People, has surprised recordings by John Denver and Bette Midler on the local charts. But the biggest sellers have been the Blue Jay decals. "Buzze wrote me that he saw one on the bulletin board of the Waikiki Country Club," says the 34-year-old Bavasi, who, like everyone else, calls his father, San Diego Padres President E. J. Bavasi, Buzze.

The promotional success is even more stunning when it is considered that the younger Bavasi had as office equipment "two paper clips" when he took charge last June. He quickly assembled a staff of 42 mostly young, mostly Canadian workaholics who consider a 19-hour day a short shift. "We showered and slept right here in the office," says Bavasi. Reckoning, perhaps incorrectly, that the team they would put on the field would not amount to much, the Blue Jay management decided to provide the fans with every amenity short of the forbidden brew. Players were urged to "establish a dialogue" with the spectators by acknowledging cheers and by making themselves readily accessible to the public.

Toronto fans merit such congenial treatment; they have been grumping for nearly eight years over the injustice of archaic Montreal having a major league baseball team when they did not. Montreal, to be sure, is a bigger and flashier city, a pointed madam to Toronto's good gray lady. But Toronto has money and drawing potential—with a metropolitan population of 2.8 million and a regional population of nearly twice that.

Paul V. Godfrey, chairman of the Municipality of Metropolitan Toronto (a kind of supermayor of five boroughs), is considered to be the man who was most influential in acquiring the franchise. When he was but an alderman in 1969, Godfrey began badgering Commissioner Bowie Kuhn about the cold-shoulder baseball had been giving his city. "Go out and get yourself a stadium, young man," Kuhn advised Godfrey, who is 38 and looks younger. When Godfrey became Metro Chairman in 1973, he instantly appointed a committee to investigate the stadium problem. It was determined that the most economic plan was to expand and install artificial turf in Exhibition Stadium, which the municipality already owned. The tenants,

the Argonauts, were agreeable when advised that the remodeling would add 22,000 seats to the structure. The stadium now holds about 43,000 for baseball and 53,000 for football, the extra 9,000 seats being situated too far beyond the portable outfield fences to be suitable for viewing baseball. The stadium project cost \$17.8 million, small change when compared with the \$875 million or so required to build Montreal's Olympic Stadium. "We spent less money on our stadium than Jean Drapeau [Montreal's mayor] spent spilling champagne at the Olympic Games," said Godfrey.

But a ballpark did not immediately mean a baseball team. Godfrey and his friends at Labatt nearly had the Giants last year, but were thwarted at the 11th hour. After that cliff-hanger, things got a bit sticky for Godfrey, who was accused by political opponents of saddling the city with a white-elephant stadium. Then in March of '76 the American League voted to expand. The Blue Jay franchise was awarded to the gut-rocks troika of Labatt, financier R. Howard Webster and the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce.

So now there are players wearing handsome blue-and-white Toronto uniforms. Many are from backgrounds similar to that of 27-year-old Doug Ault, who bounced around the minor leagues for four years trying futilely to break into the Texas Rangers' lineup. To counterbalance the inexperienced Aults on their roster, the Blue Jays have hired small hands-in-Ron Fairly, who at 38 still seems to have some magic in his bat.

But clearly the local favorites are unfamiliar players like Velez, who is off to a .286 start. Outfielders Bob Butler (.368) and Al Woods (.316); 21-year-old fork-baller Jerry Garvin, who won both of his starts; and, particularly, Ault, who leads the team with 10 RBIs and four home runs. Two of those clouts came on Opening Day, when an overflow crowd of 44,649 was on hand at Exhibition Stadium, and Ault doffed his cap in prescribed Blue Jay style following each. He became an instant hero, his performance topping off what was, despite a snowstorm, a warm and sentimental occasion.

"There were 89,000 teary eyes," says Bavasi. Maybe so, but one thing is certain: those people weren't crying in their beer.

END

HOLLYWOOD OR BUST FOR OFF-BROADWAY JOE

Waived by the Jets, free agent Joe Willie Namath desperately wants to sign with the Los Angeles Rams, but do the Rams want Namath or Houston's Dan Pastorini?

by Joe Marshall

On the first of April the National Football League issued Waiver Notice No. 44. It contained just one name—Joe Namath. The biggest gate attraction in the history of football, the highest-paid quarterback in the game, the man who had almost single-handedly made the AFL, on waivers? April Fool, right? Wrong. Namath remained on waivers for the full 10-day claiming period and not a single NFL club so much as nibbled. When the waiver period expired last week, the New York Jets were asked if they wished to recall waivers and reclaim their greatest player ever. They said no. Thus, Joe Namath was unceremoniously cut adrift from Broadway.

While this turn of events may have seemed humiliating, Namath took it in stride. "Some of my best friends have been on waivers," he quipped. Indeed, most people viewed the waiver process as little more than a charade staged by the 28 NFL teams to allow Namath to fulfill one last football fantasy: playing quarterback for the Los Angeles Rams. Nevertheless, the question was not how and when Namath would become Freeway Joe, but whether anybody in L.A. really wanted him on the team. Judging from radio talk shows and letters to local newspapers, the majority of Ram fans preferred that Joe Willie White Shoes confine himself to peddling his Butter-up Poppers and Brut. When 38 sportswriters at the Santa Anita Derby were queried about Namath, 36 said the Rams would be making a mistake if they signed him. In fact, Namath may not even be the first choice of the Rams themselves. The quarterback they really want appears to be Houston's Dan Pastorini.

Namath cleared waivers not as a result of any conspiracy on the part of the NFL clubs but because of the two words that followed his name on Waiver Notice No. 44—"guaranteed contract." That means "no cut." If a team claimed Namath, it would be obliged to pay him for the entire 1977 season, even if his

weak knees didn't hold up. And under the new standard player contract, Namath, who would be entering his option year, would have to be paid 110% of his previous year's salary. In 1976 Namath was the NFL's lowest-rated regular quarterback despite his \$500,000 salary. So, a team claiming Namath would have to pick up a \$550,000 no-cut contract.

Clearing waivers accomplished two things for Namath. It freed him to talk to any club and removed the stumbling block of his inflated salary. Namath has made it clear that he is interested in dealing only with the Rams, and he apparently is willing to take an enormous pay cut to play for them. In fact, he supposedly is agreeable to taking a \$350,000 pay cut, which means he would be playing for the Rams for \$150,000.

"This is an important year in the career—the whole career, not just the football career—of Joe Namath," says one NFL team executive. "He wants to get into acting, and he knows a lot more doors will open for him if he's still playing. It gives him an identity, a base. Imagine if he's playing for the Rams next season, and on the Friday night before a big game he shows up at the Polo Lounge with some starlet. There'll be 18,000 reporters after him for a story. Pictures everywhere of him and the broad. A young actor can't buy that sort of publicity. But if Namath's not playing football, who would care? There wouldn't be any news there. Everybody already knows Namath likes broads and booze."

While no one questions that Namath's aspirations play a large role in his desire to finish out his career in Moveland, sources close to the quarterback argue that his prime motivation is a desire to go out with a winner. "Over the last few years," says one of Namath's close friends, "I could see the frustration in the man at not winning, not getting the job done, not having the great individual games. There was a certain sense of embarrassment about it."



Clearly, Namath needs the Rams. But do the Rams need Namath? Last season L.A. Quarterback James Harris led the NFC in passing with a rating of 89.8 points. However, he finished the season playing second-string behind 24-year-old Pat Haden, the Rhodes scholar from USC, who had 94.7 points but didn't throw enough passes—only 105—to qualify for the title.

Some teams might gloat over having two quarterbacks of this caliber, but the Rams are not satisfied. Harris has difficulty finding secondary receivers and doesn't protect the ball well when he gets hit, which happens all too often while he is trying to remember where those secondary receivers are supposed to be. Moreover, because Harris is the only black quarterback in the NFL playing regularly, his every promotion and demotion prompts media questions about racial strife. Haden is the golden boy of the future, but he is small, injury-prone and short on experience. In four years under Coach Chuck Knox the Rams have won four division titles but have started four different quarterbacks—John Hadl, Harris, Ron Jaworski and Haden—in the



Having battered up one coast, Namath now hopes to take his Double Mac and bad knees to the other

opening round of the playoffs. Quarterback is their Achilles' heel, and they are looking for help.

Yes, the Rams think Namath could be the answer. "Namath has a great feeling for the game," says L.A. owner Carroll Rosenbloom. "It's an injustice to say he's a loser or that he's over the hill. The last few years he just hasn't had the supporting cast he needs." The Rams feel that with a solid running attack and good protection, which he rarely had his last few seasons in New York, Namath could pick defenses apart the way he did Rosenbloom's Baltimore Colts in Super Bowl III. But Rosenbloom adds that the Rams aren't making any hasty decisions and that, in fact, they have nine trades in the works, including a deal for Pastorini.

Like Namath, Pastorini is in his option year. Like Namath, he wants to play in Los Angeles. Unlike Namath, though, he cannot call his own career shots yet. Pastorini is 27, a sturdy 6' 3", 205-pounder with a strong arm. Hollywood looms large in Pastorini's considerations, too, but his interest in movies is confined to the career of his wife, actress June Wilkinson. They had a brief separation last

year while she pursued her career in Hollywood and he played football in Houston. "Moviemaking is not my cup of tea," Pastorini says. "I just want to play football. I made a movie once. It was called *Weed*, and I played a marijuana smuggler. That was the end of my movie career. It was kind of a third-rate movie. No, it was most definitely a third-rate movie."

If the Rams do sign Namath, they must weigh what effect he will have on their program. Despite his flamboyant reputation, Namath has the respect of his peers. He is thought of as the consummate team man, the epitome of dedication to his job. On the whole, though, the Rams probably view Pastorini more favorably than Namath because, as one Ram man puts it, "He has a long future. We can build with him."

In return for Pastorini, the Oilers have asked the Rams for their first- and second-round draft choices this year and next, plus an extra second-round choice the Rams own this year. The demand for five top draft choices should come as no shock to Los Angeles, because it set the precedent for this sort of deal by exact-

ing roughly the same price from the Green Bay Packers for Hadl. And Houston has logic on its side. Under the new player contract, if Pastorini plays out his option this year and signs with another club for more than \$200,000 (only about \$25,000 more than he is currently earning), the Oilers would automatically be compensated with two first-round draft choices. So, in effect, Houston is asking the Rams for three second-round choices for the privilege of having Pastorini one year sooner.

Apparently, Los Angeles considers the price too high. "Sure, the Rams want Pastorini," says an Oilers assistant coach, "but they're not willing to give us anything for him." Around the NFL this posture surprises no one, the Rams being famous for their niggardly dealings. "All Los Angeles will try to do is steal Pastorini," says one club executive. "The Rams don't have enough guts to pay a boxcar figure for a quarterback. Look at their history. They never make a trade unless it looks good in the papers. If they really think that a quarterback is the only thing that's keeping them from being a Super Bowl team, and if they can keep their present team intact and get the catalyst they need just for draft choices, there's no reason why they shouldn't pay that price."

Last week Rosenbloom, his son Steve, General Manager Don Klosterman and Knox met in the Ram offices to mull over their quarterback situation. In the course of the discussion Knox volunteered that he had signed Namath to his first pro contract. Knox was a Jet assistant coach at the time, and he got Namath to agree to a three-year, \$427,000 contract, an unheard-of figure in those days. Then Knox "buby-sai" Namath for two weeks to protect him from the NFL's St. Louis Cardinals until he had played his final collegiate game in the Orange Bowl and could formally sign an AFL contract.

Hearing this, Rosenbloom nodded toward his son and said, "And we made Joe Namath." Encountering a quizzical stare, Rosenbloom elaborated. "Because we owned the Colts when he beat us in Super Bowl III."

Wouldn't it be ironic if Namath now came to play for Rosenbloom?

"I'd only be delighted if Joe helped us win one," said the Ram owner. "If he made a contribution here, he would simply be paying me back. Joe Namath owes me one."

END

CHOKING OFF CRITICISM WITH ONE STROKE

A pressure putt at Augusta finally silenced those who were saying that Tom Watson couldn't win a big one. A look at a confident Masters champ

by Sarah Pileggi

The Tournament of Champions at La Costa, on the Southern California coast, rivals the Hawaiian Open as the most popular stop on the PGA tour. It is worth winning a tournament just to get there. Tennis courts and exercise classes are available to the players' wives, and there are Jacuzzis, steam baths and massages for everybody. The golfers' expenses are paid by Mutual of New York, the sponsor, and nobody goes home early because there is no cut to miss. It is a place to wind down after the Masters and to make at least \$2,250, no matter how badly one plays. In fact, the atmosphere is so relaxing that in the dozen years since the T of C has been scheduled within a week or two of the Masters, the Masters champion has never won it. Tom Watson, the hero of Augusta, was no exception. Last week he shot 74-73-69-76—292 and finished 26th in the field of 32. Jack Nicklaus, having had enough of second place, tied Bruce Lietzke at seven under, then beat him on the 3rd hole of sudden death.

Part of the problem for the Masters champion at La Costa is the press. Until the tournament gets under way, he is its prime target. The Watsons, Tom and Linda, arrived at La Costa at 10 o'clock Monday night, having flown from Atlanta to Los Angeles and driven south from there. The first call came at 7:30 Tuesday morning. Others followed. Tom was asked about his swing, his marriage, his childhood, his future—anything he wanted to talk about. But the one question that has dogged his interviews on and off since the U.S. Open at Winged Foot in 1974, the question that he had to answer over and over again throughout the week at Augusta, even though he was playing one fine round after another, seemed finally to have been laid to rest. From now on Tom Watson can lose a golf tournament any way he likes, and nobody but a fool is going to suggest he choked. He has been put to the test by Nicklaus playing

at his best, and his swing and his will have held firm. In the interview room at Augusta, Nicklaus was being asked whether something Ben Crenshaw had said about him ("We're not as scared of him as we used to be") had had anything to do with his shooting his final-round 66. Watson, who was standing in a corner, waiting his turn at the microphones, stepped forward. "Let me say something about that," he said. "I'm always afraid of this man."

"No, he's not," said Nicklaus, smiling. "He's not afraid of anybody. That's why he won."

In the caste system of American golf, Tom Watson was born a Brahmin. He grew up in Kansas City, Mo., the descendant, on both sides, of a long line of illustrious citizens. His prep school was Pembroke Country Day and his college was Stanford, where his father and his older brother Ridge had preceded him.



With fine approach, like this at Augusta's 8th, Watson moved to the highest level of the game



A thoughtful golfer, Watson never gives up, adjusting his strategy when his play becomes erratic.

The club where he learned to play golf, and where he caddied for his father and his father's friends, was the Kansas City Country Club, a WASP bastion of substance and conservatism. Though he is rumored to have voted for George McGovern in 1972, Tom is still a member and plays there whenever he is at home.

In another age Watson, like a Bob Jones or a Francis Ouimet, might have enjoyed a brief, brilliant amateur career and then retired to a life of order, property and privacy. Instead, he has chosen the transient existence of a touring pro.

"I don't care about money," he says in his thoughtful, measured way. "I'm just trying to play the best golf I can. I have a certain talent; I think it's a better-than-average talent. If I can get a variety of shots and start hitting the ball with more authority and a little bit lower. . ."

These days great talents are developed on the tour, not in the country clubs.

Therefore, Tom and Linda Watson live in motels and out of suitcases. They eat meals in bad restaurants, and Tom smiles into cameras pointed at him by perfect strangers. He protects what privacy his life allows with a wall of reserve that is camouflaged by his redheaded, freckle-faced, gap-toothed good looks and a pleasant, modest manner.

"But he burns inside," says Bob Willis, Watson's partner in the Crosby Pro-Am this year. Robert Willis is a Kansas City businessman who is an old friend of Raymond E. Watson Jr., Tom's father. Bob Willis and Ray Watson, who was known as Ramey then, were scratch golfers in their younger days, Willis having been Missouri Amateur champion in 1947 and Watson having reached the fourth round of the National Amateur in 1950.

"Uncle" Bob Willis has known Tom since birth and was the one who nick-

named him Flytrap Finnegan when he was eight. Flytrap Finnegan, the World's Worst Caddie, was a comic-strip character who never stopped talking. "Tom yakked all the time," says Willis.

"That is untrue," says Watson. "The true version is I didn't talk at all. When I was a kid I was very quiet. But they named me Fly anyhow." To this day, if you follow Ray Watson as he accompanies Tom around a golf course, you will hear him mutter now and then, "Come on, Fly. Hit a good one."

The Crosby, in January, was Watson's first U.S. victory in 15 months. Year before last, 1975, had been a fine one for him. He had won the British Open, his first major title, the Byron Nelson Classic and the World Series of Golf. He was on his way. After the World Series, Nicklaus, beaten by two strokes, said, "He knows exactly where he's going. Straight ahead. Nothing distracts him. He has great ability, super confidence and just enough cockiness. He's not a comer, he has arrived."

But in 1976 things began to go wrong with Watson's swing. "I was not hitting the ball very well all year," he says. "I was throwing the club at the ball, releasing too soon and hitting a variety of bad shots." One bad shot led to another, and he finished the year without a tour win and five places lower on the money list, dropping from seventh to 12th.

"I was a little bit discouraged," he says, "but I kept on fighting, kept on practicing—the wrong things—and always thinking, 'There are better times ahead.'"

Trying is a recurring theme in Watson's public statements. "Damn it," he said, allowing himself a rare oath after he had won the British Open, "anything can happen in this game of golf. Never give up and never say die. If a person gives up once, there is always the chance he will do it again and again. I'll never get out on the golf course and give up. You've got to have guts."

"He's got a garbage can full of guts," Hubert Green once said of Watson.

When Watson was not trying last year, he was listening, mainly to Byron Nelson. Watson spent three days in October at Nelson's Fairway Ranch in Ro-

continued

anoke, Texas, just north of Fort Worth. The two made a complete inventory of Tom's game. They played and practiced each day at Preston Trail, Nelson's club in Dallas, and in the evenings they ate Louise Nelson's cooking and talked. "One night," says Watson, "Byron brought out an old ragged box, with pictures of his past falling out of it, of when he and Louise were married and how they grew up in Texarkana. They are really kind people to take me in and treat me like their son."

"First you must know," says Nelson of those three days, "that Tom was a good player to begin with, a young man with a lot of talent. But he felt he was not the player he should be, even though he won a lot of money. He wanted to get better, and that attitude is very important in golf."

Soon after Watson left Texas he was beginning to hit irons like Nelson, one of the greatest iron players ever. "On the 14th hole at Preston Trail one day," Watson says, "I hit a bunch of two-irons that were all within 15 feet of each other." (A famous story about Nelson is that one afternoon he noticed, to his mild surprise, that he had hit two balls into ditches he had taken during a morning round. And in the 1939 Open, which he won, he hit the pins six times with six different clubs.)

Nelson encouraged Watson to relax his right side slightly and to keep his legs driving through the shots. He also worked on Watson's tempo, and that, as much as anything, was what won him the Masters two weeks ago. "Tom was too fast, too fidgety at the address. His waggle was too nervous," says Nelson.

(Only once in the fierce heat of that final round at Augusta did Watson feel he had rushed a shot, and that was off the 1st tee. At the par-3 16th, for instance, when he and Nicklaus were tied at 11 under par, and Watson knew he was going to have to make a birdie in the next three holes to win, he hit a five-iron—smoothly, gracefully, effortlessly—over the pond and straight at the flag, which was tucked in the back left corner of the green. The putt for a birdie was 15 feet, and he missed it, but the tempo of that swing told the story of what was to come.)

The effects of his session with Nelson began to show almost immediately. A month later he won a tournament in Japan, and then in January there was the victory at the Crosby—a 14-under-par 273, which beat Tony Jacklin by a stroke and set a tournament scoring record. Watson allowed himself a "Hot damn!" of happiness. The next week he set another scoring record in winning the Andy

Williams Open in San Diego—19 under par. Then, at the Hawaiian Open his hot streak and his string of 10 subpar rounds ended. He finished fifth, and Bruce Lietzke took over the spotlight.

In the period between Hawaii and the Tournament Players Championship at Sawgrass, a little more than a month, the new swing in which Watson had so much confidence early in the year began to falter. He blew a three-stroke lead in the final round at Sawgrass and the next week lost his four-stroke lead at the Heritage Classic at Harbour Town on the front nine the last day. Both tournaments were nationally televised. No matter that he was the tour's leading money winner, or that he had two wins, a second, a fourth and two fifths. People began to write him off, and "choke," that ugly word, popped up everywhere.

To Watson's mind the loss at Sawgrass was inevitable because he had not been playing well during the week. His only surprise was that he was leading the tournament. "I didn't feel I'd lost anything because I wasn't playing well enough to win. I didn't deserve to win," he said last week. "At the Heritage, though, I was playing pretty good and I was pretty dejected."

When reporters got tired of asking Watson about choking, they asked his colleagues. "I don't think he chokes," said Crenshaw after the third round at Augusta. "My opinion is he's working on his swing all the time. He tries something, and it looks like he's choking. He tries to hit it right to left, or left to right. He's learning how to play the game. I have a lot of respect for him."

Bud Finger, the golf coach at Stanford when Watson was there, said recently, "He was always tearing his swing apart and putting it back together to find out what was wrong with it."

The learning process made Watson an erratic college player. In a match against the University of California he trailed his opponent, Arnie McNickle, by three shots with four holes to go, whereupon he scored an eagle and three birdies. On the other hand, said a teammate, "He'd be three, four or five under par and then suddenly make an eight. He was a dedicated player who practiced a lot but couldn't hold a lead."

Watson, who is 27, is a late bloomer—but then so was Ben Hogan. Watson's solid swing and his intelligent approach to the game have attracted attention ever

continued



Watson discovered his exotic and ebullient wife Liede at the chorus line of a junior-high musical

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since he surfaced at the Hawaiian Open in 1973 and then blew a three-stroke lead in the last round. But it was his third round at the U.S. Open at Winged Foot in 1974 that gave substance to his promise. Harry W. Easterly Jr., now the president of the U.S. Golf Association, was referee that day, and he called it the best and most exciting round of competitive golf he had ever witnessed. Tom shot a 36-33-69, one of only seven subpar rounds of the 429 rounds that were played over the demanding course that week, and he led Hale Irwin by a stroke. The next day he shot 41 on the buck nine for a 79 and finished tied for fifth.

At the Open at Medinah the next year Watson shot a record-tying 67-68-135 for the first two rounds and a 78-77-155 for the last two to finish ninth.

"I went into Medinah playing terribly," he says. "I manufactured a swing that held up for two rounds, but that was it. At Winged Foot the same thing. I went in there playing absolutely awful. But I thought it out pretty well. I said to myself that on that course I wasn't going to allow myself to miss any greens on the same side the pin was on. If the pin was on the left side, I knew there was no way to get it up and down from that side. I hit eight greens in regulation the first round and shot 73, but I followed my game plan perfectly—I missed the greens to the right when the pin was on the left, chipped it up close and putted well. In the second round I made an adjustment in my swing and started hitting the ball straighter, but the last round the swing fell apart.

"It was a disheartening experience," he says, "but being rational, I couldn't say, 'You played well enough to win,' because I hadn't. There have been times when I've been down, but, on the other hand, when I'm down on myself I still try. I try to make myself try. That's one of the things Byron Nelson said when he retired. They asked him why, and he said, 'Because I had to try to try.' I still have to desire to try."

At Pembroke Country Day, a small private school in Kansas City, Watson was a quarterback on the football team that was ranked in the state, and a guard on the basketball team that went to the quarterfinals of its division in the state tournament. He was also a broad jumper who leaped 19 feet when he was a freshman, but his true passion was hunting. He fired a gun for the first time when

he was 10. "When we went quail hunting I'd wake up six or seven times during the night, checking to see if the sun had come up yet, and it never came up," Tom recalls. "Mostly I'd walk behind my father, and if a bird got up, I'd hit the deck."

Ray Watson owns one duck blind and leases another near Mound City in the Missouri River bottoms, and he keeps an apartment over a pool hall in Mound City because of its convenience to the blinds. From the end of October until early December the flooded cornfields of the bottomland are way stations for thousands of migrating Canada and blue geese and green-winged teal.

"I love everything about hunting," says Tom. "When you're out duck hunting before the sun is up, before there is any light in the sky, there are no sounds at all. Then you listen to the bottoms arise. The ducks that are out on the water sound like a freight train when they get up."

The Watson family was close, and Tom's upbringing was gentle. Although his father was his mentor, Tom can remember being reprimanded about his golf only once. "It was at the Western Amateur in Rockford, Ill. I had shot 74-75 in the first two rounds. He told me, 'Get on the stick! You're too good to be playing like this.' I think the reason was that my grandmother was sick then, and dying. It wasn't that I wasn't trying. All the rest of the time my father was encouraging."

Tom, in turn, was easy on his family. "I don't think he caused his parents a moment's problem ever," says Wilkins. When the Watsons play golf now, Tom has to give his father nine strokes. "That's too much," he says. "I have to shoot 67 to beat him."

Tom's only brush with authority was a three-day suspension from school when he was 14. It was his first date with Linda, a school dance, and he was caught smoking. "I was showing her how cool I was," he says.

Tom and Linda met when their schools staged a joint production of *The Pirates of Penzance*. Tom was stage manager, Linda was in the chorus. Linda Watson is as small, dark and exotic as Tom is fair, freckled and Missourian, yet they are so completely a unit that it is impossible to think of one without the other. It was Linda who held up their wedding for almost two years while she got used

to the idea of being married to a touring golf pro. "I was family-oriented," she says. "My father was a businessman who worked nine to five every day. I was accustomed to a certain atmosphere, and I wasn't sure about traveling and living on the run. I wasn't sure it was right for our marriage, or for me."

When Tom went west to Palo Alto, Linda went east to a junior college in Pennsylvania and then transferred to Mills College in Oakland, across the bay from Stanford, for her last two years. After graduating, like Tom with a major in psychology, she went to work for her father as a bookkeeper in his real-estate business in Kansas City. Now she does the same for Tom. She also handles his appointments, his clothes, his correspondence and his travel plans. "She leaves him free to think about golf," says a friend. "If I'd known how great the tour was going to be, I'd have married him in college," Linda says now.

She is smart, loyal and impressively gregarious. She talks up a typhoon with whoever falls in step with her on a golf course. She calls her husband Honey or Tommy. He calls her Toad. They have known each other, as Linda points out, more than half their lives, and they obviously enjoy each other's company.

Thanks to his extraordinary talent and an enormous amount of trying, Tom Watson, formerly Flytrap Finnegan, has broken through to a level of the game that few players will ever reach. Watching him play can be an unusually pleasant experience, because his unique verve comes across to the watcher.

"He brings a special intensity and capacity for enjoyment to the game," says Sandy Tatum, a USGA vice-president from San Francisco who has been watching Watson play since he first arrived in Palo Alto. "If the shot he hits conforms to the plan he has in his mind, something very good happens, if you're close enough to see it. He lights up."

"It's an art form," said Watson at a recent tournament. "It's neat. It's neat to hit a good shot, a shot that you really like. Today I shot a 68, and I hit one neat shot. A wedge. I hit the shot just exactly the way I wanted to. The wind was blowing pretty sharp, left to right and a little downwind. I just hung it right there. I hit the shot up there and it took one big hop, and on the second hop it stopped and drew back about a foot and a half. That was a neat shot."

YOU CAN'T BEAT THIS GAME WITH A STICK

That's how lacrosse players, who bust their guts digging for ground balls, grappling for faceoffs, taking jarring checks and sometimes even scoring goals, feel about their sport. A spring staple in the East and a growing favorite elsewhere, lacrosse is a whirl of running, contact and finesse, whether it is played by club teams stocked with former All-Americans, by universities or by smaller colleges like New York's C. W. Post, one of whose players (right) is on a downfield jaunt.

CONTINUED





A faceoff is that crucial moment when push really comes to shove



A deft stick check is one way to separate an attacker from the ball



Stegging defense frequently results in a collapsing opponent





Wide-eyed at the sight of an open net, an attackman fires a shot

The defense's check on No. 8 came too late to prevent a goal





The game's most grueling task is going after ground balls, but

the team that gets most of them usually ends up celebrating



JOY IS HAVING NO RED BRUISES

Today's lacrosse players and coaches, all of whom double as evangelists for their sport, sometimes romanticize about the old-fashioned, boundaryless game the Indians played. It must have been savage, majestic, free. But lacrosse devotees don't get too wistful about the good old days. They claim the modern game, more confined though it is, combines the best elements of football, hockey, soccer and basketball. The hitting is hard and clean, the passing crisp and accurate, the running exhilarating and exhausting. All in all, they say, lacrosse today is one heck of a sport.

Just ask Buddy Beardmore, who has coached Maryland to two NCAA championships in the past four years. "Lacrosse is fun," he says. "You know you'll never become a professional, but still you work like the devil to play your best in high school and college. And when you get out of college, you play club lacrosse just for the fun of it." The fun of it? This includes being knocked down a lot, getting jabbed in the gut with a sharp stick and repeatedly running 100-yard wind sprints. What's this guy talking about?

But there is one sure indication that Beardmore is right. Every lacrosse player, it seems, likes to go to practice. Tom Myrick, a senior midfielder at Johns Hopkins, says, "I love to work out. There's nothing I would rather do than just go out with a stick and shoot around the goal." Some lacrosse players play football in the fall, and they laugh when asked to compare the two. Football practice is drill, drill, drill, but most of a lacrosse workout is devoted to free-flowing scrimmages. Randy Ratliff, a sophomore defenseman at Maryland and a former all-state football quarterback, says, "When I played football, I would feel like a log lying in bed the next morning, but in lacrosse, you can play games twice a week and it doesn't wreck your body."

Lacrosse players' methods for gauging the effectiveness of their play are as odd as their affection for practice. Jake Reed, a 5'7", 150-pound goalie at Maryland and living testimony to one of the game's favorite boasts (that you don't have to be a behemoth to play it), knows he has performed well if he has lost his voice. "I call the defensive plays," says Reed. "I do a lot of hollering, and the more I talk the better we do. My throat is usually hoarse for a couple of days after a good game." Cornell goalie Dan Mackesey checks the mirror to judge his performance. Compared to the heavily padded hockey goaltender, a lacrosse goalie is out there in his birthday suit, and the solid rubber ball fired at up to 100 mph can leave colorful calling cards. "If I've had a lousy game," Mackesey says, "there are a whole lot of

little red bruises all over my body."

On the other hand, Tommy Marino, No. 1-ranked Cornell's carefree attackman, is disappointed if he's not hurting after a game. "The defenseman is supposed to give me a good pop whenever I come across the crease," Marino says, "to make me think twice about doing it again. So I know I haven't played a good game if I didn't get my head handed to me a couple of times when I was trying to score." Marino's All-America teammate, Eamon McEneaney, measures his success in assists. "I'd rather make a good feed than score any day," he says. And McEneaney has the stats to back him up; last season he scored 20 goals and 61 assists.

Mike O'Neill of Hopkins feels that taking part in a good lacrosse game is like playing basketball with the Celtics. "I enjoy the unsettled aspect of the game," he says. "We have set plays, but mostly it's run and gun, plays that you could never diagram." One of those diagramless situations is the ground ball. Like a loose ball in basketball, it is fair game for either team. But in lacrosse you can play the man instead of the ball. In other words, anything goes.

The face-off is another such situation. The ball is placed between two opposing players, and they lock horns and sticks until one gets possession. Bob Ott of Maryland thrives on face-offs. "The secret to the face-off," he says, "is quickness, strength, anticipation... and a little bit of cheating."

But lacrosse is not merely a treat for the players; its tableaux make it a joy for spectators. While a goalie rests on the broad head of his stick, gazing pensively at the action downfield, one of his teammates, a scampering attackman, cradles the ball in a tiny 40-inch stick that he manipulates as if it were an extension of his arm. He jukes one defender, eludes another and fakes out a third with a series of contortions that would have done Houdini proud. Or picture this: the defense is a man down, and the offense is playing a cat-and-mouse, hot-the-open-man game. The ball goes lazily back and forth until, suddenly, it flashes in front of the crease to an attackman who catches and shoots in the same motion. Quick-stick! Score!

Last year, the professional National Lacrosse League folded after two seasons because of empty arenas and empty coffers. Two states, New York and Maryland, continue to supply most of the players at all levels. Lacrosse disciples speak wistfully of TV exposure, but even their championship games rarely draw crowds of 10,000.

No, despite the fact that it has crept into places like Los Angeles and Houston, lacrosse may never go big-time, but don't bother telling the chaps on the preceding four pages. They like lacrosse just the way it is. Unless, of course, you've got about 500 guys who might be interested in a pick-up game out on the Great Plains.

—MARK DONOVAN

GIMMICKS, GADGETS, GOODBY RECORDS



In their pursuit of speed, swimmers have resorted to Operation Balloon, hydrodynamically friction-proofing sprays and Samuel Taylor Coleridge

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM



A few weeks before the 1976 Olympics, Forbes Carlile, one of Australia's leading swimming coaches, was musing about his sport's reckless way with world records. "I thought two decades ago that performances would have leveled off," he said. "I feel they must start flattening out soon."

Since Carlile spoke, swim times have plunged even more precipitously. At Montreal world records were set in 22 of 26 events, which together with three other world records broken at a pre-Olympic meet in Berlin left just one of the 26 records—Mark Spitz' 54.27 in the 100-meter butterfly, set at the '72 Games—more than two months old. Following this binge in 50-meter Olympic-size pools, the action shifted to the 25-yard short courses found in the U.S. Last month at the NCAA meet at Cleveland State University, all 16 events were swum faster than ever before. Then two weeks ago, at the AAU short-course nationals in Canton, Ohio, the women made their splash with 11 more record clockings. The aftershock of this spree is even more devastating than last summer's: in the 32 standard short-course events only two records are more than three months old.

What makes this ceaseless assault all the more extraordinary is that it is occurring in a sport enjoying less than universal participation. Short of growing gills and fins, it takes time, money and a lot of dreary practice laps to conquer the alien environment in which swimmers compete, a fact that scares away plenty of would-be John Nabers and Kornelia Enders. As a consequence, big-time swimming has the flavor of an exclusive splash party; just seven countries shared the swimming medals at Montreal as compared to 23 countries in track and field.

But those who do take the plunge tend to be zealous. It is hardly an accident that one of the sport's reigning superpowers is East Germany, a centralized society that has marshaled its technological

resources to dominate women's swimming. But it is also significant that the U.S. remains No. 1 overall. Without much of a professional payoff, swimming in this country is confined to those who can afford the luxury, with the result that it is a country-club sport, a hilly-white sport—and pretty much a California sport. Yet Peter Daland, coach of perennial NCAA champion Southern Cal, notes that these limitations are also, in a sense, strengths.

"Swimming people are generally upper middle class, which is the most disciplined sector of our society," Daland says. "They're achievement-oriented. They're the hard workers and tinkers."

The best place to find the go-getters Daland is talking about is in the sport's thriving age-group program, the well-spring of most of the growling coaches and aggressive parents of swimming legend. Launched in the late '40s, age-group competition offers children as young as eight or nine a chance to break sanctioned national records. These attractions help the swim coach beat the football coach to a lot of big, strong youngsters. The enduring effects were apparent at Montreal, where the sight of all those strapping American swimmers—the U.S. men averaged 6' 1", the women 5' 8"—had Jack Nelson, the 5' 6" women's swim coach, muttering, "Everybody's growing except me." But Kansas Track Coach Bob Timmons, who was once a swimming coach in Wichita, feels that the main benefit of age-group swimming is psychological.

"By giving the kids national records to shoot for, age-group swimming has taught them that records aren't sacred," Timmons says. "While track people were still talking about barriers—four-minute miles and the like—swimmers were out there breaking records."

The talented, record-hungry swimmers nurtured by the age-group program have also been innovative, another big factor in the evanescence of swimming records. In the mid-'50s swim-

continued



mers got the idea they could go faster by shaving their bodies, theorizing there would be less drag. Though the actual value of shaving has yet to be proved, an unquestioned breakthrough came in the 1950s after freestylers discovered they could execute quicker turns by somersaulting and pushing off the pool wall with their feet. So what if the rules required a hand touch? The rules were changed and "flip turns" are now universal. Much the same sort of thing happened when East German women introduced their revealing "skin suits" in the early '70s. American women were scandalized—until the East Germans started beating them. Then U.S. swimmers began wearing skin suits, too.

Today, anxious to carry this technological one-upmanship even further, swim parents and coaches are spending a lot of time in basement workshops devising New Improved Starting Blocks, the Ultimate Pushing Cap and anything else that might conceivably keep times dropping. In the vanguard of this effort is Larry Wan of Fountain Valley, Calif.,

a Yale-educated engineer whose wife Sara is an age-group coach and whose two sons are swimmers. Wan owns a small electronics firm, Sycam, Inc., which recently came out with Pasar, a \$130 battery-powered unit that straps on to the swimmer's head and emits a metronomelike beep to help regulate stroking tempo during workouts. And for another \$200, a coach can buy a transmitter from Sycam that will deliver his orders through the Pasar. Wan's firm is also developing a training aid called Cyberton, an electronically sensitized mitten that issues a tone which varies in pitch according to the amount of water pressure exerted on the hand—and thus, Wan says, "helps the swimmer develop a more efficient stroke."

None of this is any more futuristic, however, than the product developed by an Iowa osteopath named Jon Van Cleave. His brainstorm is Time-Off, a spray-on solution selling at \$6.95 for a 10-ounce can, said to hydrodynamically "friction-proof" swimmers. Time-Off was tried at Montreal by ex-University

of Florida star Tim McKee, who sprayed himself before winning the silver medal in the 400-meter individual medley. "I don't know if it helped or not," McKee allows, "but I figure it didn't hurt, either."

There is danger that this rampant "anything goes" spirit is being abused. Mutterings of anabolic steroids being used to build up some swimmers have been heard, and *Swimming World* magazine reported that the West German swimming establishment tried pumping compressed air into the large intestines of several top swimmers in an effort to make them more buoyant. According to the account, the experiment, dubbed Operation Balloon, was discontinued when some of the swimmers developed cramps and one complained that his feet kept coming out of the water as he swam.

The exotic aside, even the everyday workouts undertaken by swimmers—five hours of pool time is not unusual—can astound other athletes, particularly when one realizes that most swimmers are full-time students as well. Ask swim people why they labor so diligently, and they reply that even their so-called sprints are, in fact, endurance events requiring distance training. For example, Jonty Skinner's world record of 49.44 in the 100-meter freestyle is five times slower than the time it takes trackmen to cover that distance. But the notion that swimmers have to put in long yardage may be less important than the fact that they can. This is because the water both cushions and cools the body.

Swimmers in the '50s typically logged 5,000 meters a day, requiring two hours in the pool. Today's swimmers plow through as many as 20,000 meters. (The Russians, with a view toward excelling at the 1980 Moscow Olympics, are reportedly experimenting with 30,000 meters a day.) Swimmers are also training at an ever faster rate, feeling off much of their yardage in all-out bursts called "repeats," punctuated by rests of as little as four to five seconds. They monitor their repeats by checking the large sweep hands of poolside pace clocks.

To build endurance in leg muscles, swimmers immobilize their arms by clutching kickboards. To strengthen their stroke they ensnare inner tubes about their ankles and grip flotation devices with their legs. They also wear hand paddles. Some swim in panty hose, T-shirts

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and layered swimsuits, not to mention "Dragon," a suit with pockets that fill with water, like tiny sea anchors. The well-dressed swimmers also wear snug goggles that make them look like popeyed waterbugs. Goggles won acceptance four or five years ago as a way to protect the eyes from chlorine at workouts, but more and more swimmers are also using them (sometimes fitted with prescription lenses) during races, because they provide a window-clear view of opponents and the wall while making turns.

Gammicks are not confined to the physical side of swimming. Former Olympian Debbie Meyer recited Shakespeare to herself during workouts to relieve boredom. Shirley Babashoff sang songs to herself and another world-class swimmer says he thought a lot about "Coleridge and sex." But Peter Daland cautions, "Swimming laps is like driving on the highway. You can relax a bit, but you also have to concentrate on what you're doing." All of which makes it a relief when swimmers taper off in their training in order to rest and sharpen themselves for major competition. From the maximum of 20,000 meters a day, over the course of three or four weeks swimmers cut down drastically to about a third of their normal yardage, leaving themselves with energy to burn at meets.

"If you hit the taper right, your kids are ready to rip the clocks off the wall," says Mark Schubert, whose Mission Viejo (Calif.) Nadadores are the country's No. 1 swim club. "They're ready to go crazy."

Of late, even when swimmers towel off they may not be through for the day. Some coaches now put their people through 45 minutes of dryland workouts, exercise that was once avoided for fear of turning svelte swimmers into heavily muscled sinkers. Bulk is still considered undesirable, but coaches have come to believe that speed can be better developed with dryland exercise. Buttressing this conviction is the fact that East Germany's brawny but supple women, while merely rumored to be on muscle-building steroids, are known to be into intensive weight training.

A prime mover in dryland training, as in so much else in swimming, is Indiana's James E. (Doc) Counsilman, the U.S. men's coach at Montreal. The 56-year-old Counsilman can often be seen

at meets, descending with mask and underwater camera into the warmup pool to collect footage for his series of instructional films on stroke mechanics. Counsilman is also a pool consultant. He invented the first pace clock. His book, *The Science of Swimming*, is in its 16th printing. And a few years ago he became a consultant and part owner of Mini-Gym Inc., a Missouri-based manufacturer of "isokinetic" exercise equipment.

Conventional weight training is relatively slow and static—and it builds bulk. By means of an intricate arrangement of pulleys and centrifugal brakes, isokinetics provides high-speed exercise through a full range of body movement, building explosiveness rather than brute strength. Counsilman helped the Mini-Gym people devise units that strengthen specific swimming muscles. Then he spread the gospel. "To swim fast, you have to build muscle at high speed," he intoned. "That's what isokinetics do."

Today most leading U.S. swim clubs use Mini-Gym exercisers, and the East Germans and Russians have bought some, too. And this is one swimming innovation that has had rippling effects in other sports. A couple of years ago Counsilman put Indiana basketball Center Kent Benson on his Mini-Gym, and in six weeks Benson increased his vertical jump from 22 to 26 inches. Mini-Gym's basketball sales have been rising ever since, and the company is now drumming up business in track and field, tennis, baseball and football.

At college dual meets, Southern Cal's Rod Strachan has always been a so-so performer. Major meets are another matter, as Strachan demonstrated when he beat Tim McKee to win the 400 individual medley at Montreal in a world-record 4:23.68. One reason is that Strachan gets a big boost from shaving his body, which, like most swimmers, he does only at important meets. "I'm hairy-chested," he says. "When I shave, it makes me slick and tingly—kind of like using freshly waxed skis."

In search of similar sensations, less hairy men let their beards grow in the days leading up to meets, and women stop shaving their legs—just to have something extra to shave off before the meet. Swimmers sometimes try to heighten the effect by shaving in stages, doing the

arms, say, before preliminaries and the legs before finals. If the meet lasts several days, sandpaper is applied, as needed, to remove the nubs.

Alabama Coach Don Gambrell, who wrote a thesis on the subject for his master's degree at Cal State, Los Angeles, says that shaving the body bares the nerve endings and increases "kinesthetic feel." Others say the practice provides a psychological boost: it is a kind of tribal ritual in which true believers think that something good will happen, whereupon it usually does. When it comes to shaving the head, there is not even that much consensus. Freestyler-butterflyer Mike Bruner, who made like Kojak at Montreal and won two gold medals, says of being bullet-domed, "It psychs me up and freaks other people out." The latter certainly was the case last year when a University of Miami coach shaved her head for a couple of big meets. However, most swimmers are content to wear short hair or bathing caps.

Something else that swimmers save for big meets are skin suits. After logging those miles of training in everything short of suits of armor, these snug, sheer wisps of fabric—women's suits weigh as little as 1½ ounces, men's half as much—can be liberating in the extreme. Some people think that nude swimming is the logical next step, but the fact is that suits are useful in streamlining the body, as breast-stroker Elizabeth McCleary discovered a few years ago at the Orchards Swimming Club in Towson, Md. One night she and four other women swimmers stole into the darkened pool and timed each other in a series of 50-yard sprints, both naked and in their swimsuits.

"It felt luxurious without our suits, and we thought we were going faster," McCleary said, "but we went slower in every instance."

To ensure that their swimmers go faster, coaches prefer clean, clear water and underwater lighting, which enhance visibility. It also helps on turns if walls are adorned with bold designs. And walls will be less slippery while pushing off if covered with either rough tile or textured "touch pads."

Attention is also given to water temperature, which can make sprinters tighten up if too cold, sap the energies of distance swimmers if too hot. "Swimmers perspire like any other athletes," says

continued

UCLA Coach George Haines. "They can lose seven pounds or even more in a 1,500-meter race. If the water's too hot, they can become dehydrated." Most coaches agree that 78° or 79° is ideal for meets, but that the water should be a bit warmer at workouts.

A lot of technology has gone into finding ways to minimize turbulence that, if unchecked, can bog the swimmers down. Gutters are built wide and deep and in such a way as to swallow up waves, and lane markers are made of flow-through discs or plastic spirals. The earliest wave-dispersing lane lines were built by Ohio's Kiefer McNeil, whose president, ex-heavyweight boxer Pete Rademacher, relates that the inspiration for them occurred while a company official was visiting a men's room on the Ohio Turnpike. "He got the idea when he noticed that the meshlike material in the bottom of the urinal greatly reduced splashing,"

Rademacher says. "It shows that necessity is the mother of invention, or something."

But swimmers compete in a three-dimensional element, so of late an effort has been made to reduce turbulence by making pools deep enough to prevent waves from bouncing off the bottom. The saying is that still waters run deep, and some people feel the deeper the better—12 feet or even more. But Olympic hero Don Schollander believes it is important for swimmers to get a "sense of speed" by being able to see bottom, and he considers 12 feet plenty deep enough. In any case, everybody agrees that the "shallow ends" of three to four feet found in most pools create too much turbulence.

Big meets are usually held in fast pools. One of the fastest is in the Los Angeles Swim Stadium. Built for the 1932 Olympics, it is five to 17 feet deep. Another is Australia's ancient North Sydney pool,

a saltwater facility in which 80-odd world records have been broken—but no more will be. Since saltwater is more buoyant than fresh, the International Swimming Federation (FINA) no longer recognizes records set in this pool. On the other hand, some newer pools are even faster: the 4-year-old Cleveland State pool, for example, where NCAA swimmers went on their recent spree, and the 3-year-old facility at Canton, the C. T. Brannan Natatorium, where the AAU short-course championships were held. Any list of the world's ten fastest pools would also include the one built for the Montreal Olympics. Boasting the latest in wave-dispersing lane markers—personally installed by Rademacher—and gutters, it also had 10 lanes instead of the usual eight. The outside lanes were left vacant during the Games, further diffusing the waves churned up by all those Olympic record breakers.

Strategy also enhances speed in the water. For example, swimmers sometimes find it possible to "drag" on front-running rivals in adjacent lanes, much as auto racers "draft" one another. The trick is to hug the lane marker, stay at the other swimmer's waist and catch a ride in his wake. Brian Goodell appeared to drag on Bobby Hackett through several laps in the 1,500 at Montreal before forging ahead to win. Effective as this technique may be in a race, some swimmers also drag on each other in workouts, which is not deemed laudible. A USC swimmer of a few years back did a lot of this. His teammates nicknamed him "Latch." When his father visited the pool, the swimmers greeted the puzzled gentleman as "Latch Senior."

Doc Counsilman believes that swimmers keep breaking world records partly because theirs is an underdeveloped sport in which such achievements are overdue. "Swimming is a relatively new sport, and the evolutionary process is much less advanced than in track," Counsilman says. "Running is a natural skill, but swimming is acquired. And most of swimming is done underwater, which makes it more difficult to coach."

It is possible that records would be falling at an even faster rate if swimming attracted wider participation, or if the people it attracts stuck around longer. But swimmers not only start early—at the recent AAU meet, nine records were set by kids 15 and under—they also

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when the temperature goes up, switch to a grade that will.

Multigrades vs. single grades

While a high viscosity grade protects in a hot engine, and a low viscosity grade flows freely for quick starts, a multigrade oil gives you the advantages of both.

As the chart shows, multigrade oils will protect your engine in summer heat and winter cold.



Check the Shell line for the right motor oil for your car

Shell X-100® single grades motor oils are available in SAE 10W, 20W-20, 30, and 40. Each meets the warranty service requirements of every U.S. and most foreign cars.

Shell X-100 Multigrade is an SAE 10W-40 all season oil. It offers excellent high-temperature protection plus good low-temperature starting. Meets or exceeds warranty requirements for every U.S. and most foreign cars.

Shell Super X® motor oil earns the 10W-50 rating, the widest multigrade range you can buy. Helps protect today's hotter running engines. Recommended for use in extreme conditions such as towing. Exceeds warranty requirements for every U.S. and most foreign cars.

Owners' manuals and oil changing

The temperature outside isn't all you have to consider.

You should change oil when your

owner's manual says to. And most owners' manuals have three separate recommendations.

First, they recommend you change oil every so many miles. That's the number most owners remember.

Then a time interval is usually added to that. Something like "change oil every 5,000 miles or three months, whichever comes first."

That time limit is every bit as important as the mileage limit. Because if you reach the time limit first, it probably means that you're doing a lot of short trip driving.

That uses up your motor oil's protective additives. And since the oil doesn't get heated up on short trips, sludge and acids build up. So pay attention to time as well as mileage.

How severe is "severe"?

Finally, in addition to the regular time and mileage limits, your owner's manual probably tells you to change more often for "severe service."

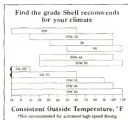
That doesn't just mean driving in Baja torture tests. Step and go driving in hot weather is tough on a car's engine. It's usually included under "severe." So are trailer towing and driving in dusty areas.

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weather you're expecting, leave it in there until your next regularly scheduled change.

But if you see that it won't protect



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We make our shoes from the finest calfskins, kidskins, the best of everything. And we don't skimp on the quantity. Some brands use synthetic substitutes which are cheaper, but leather has qualities that synthetics haven't yet been able to match.

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Do they do as much hand-detailing?

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Do they really give you a bargain?

When you have to choose between a Florsheim shoe and something that "looks the same" but costs less, remember this: Anyone can make something for less if they cut corners somewhere. But do you want them to cut corners when it comes to your feet?

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tend to quit early, as young as 18 or 19 in the case of top women performers and 21 or 22 among the men. Rutgers' Frank Elm, an assistant U.S. coach at Montreal, says, "In some ways, the age-group program is backfiring. Sure it gets young kids into swimming, but it also burns them out before they're even close to their potential peak."

The increase in college scholarships for women athletes may help reduce the number of early dropouts. There are also efforts to cut down on some of the sport's drudgery. Many swimmers are now executing a portion of their workouts wearing fins—which propel them through the water with frolicsome ease—because their coaches contend fins increase ankle flexibility. More dramatically, Long Beach State's iconoclastic Dick Jochums, whose protégés include Tim Shaw and (in the summer) Bruce Furness, stubbornly eschews dryland exercise and holds yardage down to no more than 14,000 meters a day even for distance swimmers. Jochums instead concentrates on intensive "quality" workouts.

"Just because the times keep dropping, it doesn't mean there's not an easier way," Jochums says. "A lot of the yardage we've been piling on these kids is superfluous."

Whatever the approach, everybody obviously wants to keep the times dropping as long as possible. One who sees them falling almost indefinitely is Mark Schubert, who feels that swimming is nowhere near its technological limits.

"People say we can't possibly increase the amount of training we do any further," the Mission Viejo coach says. "Well, we can find ways to train harder in shorter periods of time. We're also going to get even bigger, even more dedicated kids. We'll be using computers, too. Some day we'll have computer terminals at the end of each lane. After the swimmer finishes a series, the computer will provide a readout of his times and tell him what the next series should be."

And what if the swimmer fails to go fast enough? Schubert grins wickedly. "That will be taken care of, too," he says. "When he touches the next wall, he'll get an electric shock."

Until that comes to pass, about the only thing in swimming that figures to be a shocker will be the first major meet in which not a record is broken. **END**



MAN TO MAN

by John Weitz

Style tips from the internationally famous men's fashion authority and designer of Capitán cigars

How to underpack for a trip and get away with it.

A sense of style is important in everything you do. Capitán cigar smokers know that.

They don't just smoke their cigar, they wear it. Because a Capitán couples good taste with good design.

When you pack for trips, do it with style, too. Decide to underpack. And still look good. Here's how: two-day weekend or business trip, wear a blazer and slacks. In a zipper bag, pack a suit.

Hang shirts and ties under the jacket. Roll up sweaters, belts and lay them in the bag bottom. Make sure all clothes match the shoes you're wearing.

Underwear, spare socks, shaving stuff, memos, etc., go in a small carry-on bag. That's it. The lug is out of your luggage, but you're still in style.

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Aroma alone will tell you this is a very special cigar.

As designer for Capitán, I suggested five slim, face-

flattering shapes plus a distinctive maroon pack that color-coordinates to your clothes.

Capitán. A great cigar that looks it.



Not a natural one.



Catching home runs, not hitting them, is Rich Bahrke's specialty. So far he has nabbed 83 outside Wrigley Field
by RICK TELANDER

AT THE OTHER END OF THE RAINBOWS

Those who love Wrigley Field, the home of the Chicago Cubs for the last 61 years, do so for various reasons. There is the old-fashioned green scoreboard in center field that is manually operated by three men and gives inning-by-inning scores of out-of-town games. There is the flawless Marion bluegrass in the field and the red-brick walls covered with ivy (planted by Bill Veeck in 1937). And the all day-game schedule because owner Phil Wrigley, who died last week, refused to install lights. And the seats so close to the field that fans can chat with outfielders during warmups.

In an age when most parks are huge and sterile, Wrigley offers intimacy. The player at bat has not only the field and bleachers in view but also a backdrop of trees and three-story graystones. In short, a real neighborhood filled with things like windows that can be hit—and sometimes broken—with a long ball.

The snugness of Wrigley Field also brings pleasure to some fans who seldom enter what Chicagoans call the "friendly confines." On most summer days boys with baseball gloves and radios line the streets just beyond the outfield fences, Sheffield behind right, Waveland behind left, harvesting the baseballs that leave the park. When the wind is blowing out—and Chicago is not called the Windy City for nothing—even pop flies

are potential "beavers." As Cub Leftfielder Jose Cardenal says, "At Wrigley you no have to be a home-run hitter to hit a home run."

During batting practice before one of the Cubs' final home games of 1976, most of the small boys were not out there, because school had started, but Rich Bahrke, who is 30, was sitting on the

hood of a car at the corner of Kenmore and Waveland, flexing his glove and looking up at the sky for any balls that might come sailing out of the park. Bahrke, though still a student, had no classes that day. During the last 12 years he has held a variety of jobs and now goes to college part time, but to everyone in the area around the ball park, he is known only as





PHOTOGRAPHS BY ART SHUK

a ball to soar above the crowd and head in his direction. "It was Sunday, Sept. 18, 1960; I hadn't caught any homers in my first season, 1959. I took it on a bounce off Waveland, and later Zimmer autographed it. I wrapped it in a plastic Baggie so it wouldn't yellow, wrote up an index card—it was Zimmer's fifth homer of the year, 47th of his career—and put it in a box. Now I keep it with the other balls at my house."

Counting batting practice balls and an occasional ball retrieved while sitting in the stands at Comiskey Park on Chicago's South Side, Bahrke has since caught 875 more. The collection, based only on the retail value of the balls, is worth more than \$3,000. Of the 876 baseballs, 83 represent genuine over-the-wall home runs. "Those 83 homers," he said, "I'd stand those against anybody."

Though many of the street fielders at Wrigley merely want a ball or two for their own games, Bahrke has another motive. "My dream was to be a major-leaguer," he said. "I realize now that this is as close as I'll ever get to it." In his career Bahrke has "played" in over 720 games. Dedication has given him a sense of worth, of identification with the Cubs.

"This is a unique park," he said. "The walls are so close, and when a ball comes over and the people in the top rows of the bleachers are looking out and you're right there in the limelight, you feel like you're part of the team."

Bahrke is not above admitting that talent is a factor out in the street, just as it is inside the park. "I'd like to see some of those players catch the balls we do," he said. "They've never had to worry about curbs and trees and trucks."

Like a true major-leaguer, Bahrke has suffered for his sport. In 1975, while pursuing a Bill Madlock homer that landed in a Waveland Avenue elm tree, he was clipped from the side. "Just as the ball dropped from a branch, this kid hit me at the knee," he said. "He got the ball, and I ended up walking with a cane for about a month." At Comiskey Park, also in 1975, Bahrke had his glove hand jammed aside in a crowd, and a ball hit him in the eye. He ended up with a concussion, mul-

tiiple abrasions and a lingering shiner.

The injuries make success all the sweeter. In Bahrke's wallet is his trophy list, a compilation of every home run he has ever caught. There in neat letters are a Willie Mays, a Frank Robinson, a Harmon Killebrew, a Willie McCovey, a Joe Morgan, a Vada Pinson, a Jim Wynn, a Davey Lopes. There are also more obscure players: John Boccabella, Tim Hosley, Andre Rodgers, Steve Boros. There are three Orlando Cepedas, five Billy Williamss, two Adolfo Philippses, two Lee Mays, two Joe Torres, two Donn Clendenons, 10 Ron Santos. The oddities on the list include a home run hit by Pitcher Ferguson Jenkins; a homer hit off Jenkins by another pitcher, Larry Jackson of the Phillies; a home run by Felipe Alou, and one by his brother, Jesus; and a Johnny Bench caught burghanded on Thursday, Aug. 12, 1976. "Man, that hurt," said Bahrke. "I'd just gotten a Joe Morgan, and I'd left my glove in the car."

Describing the ritual of a big catch, Bahrke said, "First you hear the crack of the bat over the radio, then you hear it from the park. Just from the sound you can tell if it's got a chance. Then one of two things will happen, either you'll hear, 'There's one hit deep,' over the radio, or if the announcer is slow to react, you'll see the ball as its line of flight makes it look as if it is higher than the upper deck behind home plate. The crowd will always stand up and look in the direction the ball is going. If I suddenly have to look up, I can usually tell from their faces where to run. Then I have to make a quick decision—whether to play it on the bounce or on the fly. That's crucial, because the street has been giving some funny bounces lately."

Just as Bahrke finished, a loud smack resounded from the other side of the wall. In a moment a tiny white dot hovered above the screen atop the 11½-foot left-field wall, then descended. Rich played it on a hop, gloved it, examined it and put it in his pocket. A man in the bleachers turned and cupped his hands to his mouth. "Valentine," he yelled. Bahrke nodded. "Ellis Valentine," he said. "Big, strong guy. Lots of potential."

continued

"the guy who chases the balls." Bahrke was concluding his 18th season of playing the streets outside Wrigley Field and, he said, it would certainly not be his last.

Tall, intense, hawk-eyed, with flecks of gray in his brown hair, he remembers his first catch well. "Don Zimmer, playing second for the Cubs, hit it off Johnny Podres of the Dodgers," he said, waiting for

Buhrke has been through thick and thin with the Cubs. He remembers getting Santo's 300th home run. "After I caught it," he says. "I was just standing there feeling good when I heard a 'Hey, you!' I looked down Waveland and saw this guy in a Cub uniform running toward me. He'd come out of the bullpen and he kept yelling, 'Hey, you!' It was Joe Pepitone. In the papers he said he had to chase me five blocks to get the ball. It was very strange, because actually I was just standing there, too excited to run."

Buhrke has played his position in Waveland Avenue (switching to Sheffield Street as lefties come to bat) when the sidewalks have been empty and when they've been jammed, as they were during the 1962 All Star Game. (He got a Ken Boyer in batting practice that day.) But on the few days when neither Buhrke nor anyone else is there—or when the retrievers are slow to react—the balls that shower out of Wrigley sometimes do damage. Broken windows and dented cars are only part of it; Buhrke has seen a homer go through the roof of a convertible. The Cubs' policy has always been to make repairs on valid claims. "We're not usually liable since these things hap-

pen off our property," says assistant director of park operations Stoney Feeney. "But we sometimes do it out of courtesy."

Buhrke, who has been nearly run down by cars and has had his scrapes with dogs and younger chasers, realizes he cannot field home runs forever. It would please him if his 7-year-old son Jimmy would carry on. (In 1975 Rich brought Jimmy to the park for the first time, and the boy already has four balls of his own.) To those who scoff at such a pastime, Buhrke points to the moments that, for him, make it all worthwhile.

Such an occasion came on April 14 of last year when the Mets were in town. With a massive swing, New York's Dave Kingman got the meat of his bat on a Tom Detore fastball, and helped by a stiff southeastern wind, the ball climbed like an ICBM. Labeled "The Ball That Hasn't Come Down Yet" by sportscaster Jack Brickhouse, Kingman's swat has taken its place beside Gabby Hartnett's 1938 "Homer on the Gloamin'" and Babe Ruth's 1932 "Called Shot" in the pantheon of Wrigley Field home runs.

Only Buhrke and his friend Rich Kieber were outside the left-field wall as the ball reached its apogee. "I've never seen

a ball that high in my life," says Buhrke. "It was higher than that flagpole; it was a pea up there."

Instant replays have shown that Cardinal moved not an inch once the ball was hit. "It looked like a rocket ship," he says. "I never thought a human being could hit something like that."

After crossing Waveland on the fly, the ball descended on the east side of Kenmore Avenue, landing against a frame house three doors down. Inside the house, Naomi Martinez, 19, was watching the game on TV. "I heard a thud and ran outside," she says. "I couldn't believe the ball was hit that far. Later some friends told me they saw me on TV coming out of the house."

Buhrke, who chose the wrong path in pursuit of the ball and was trapped behind a fence with a jammed gate, lost the ball to Kieber. Buhrke already had a Kingman, but this was the one he really wanted. With a sigh he pointed to the spot where the ball hit the house, where it ricocheted, where it stopped. If it had traveled three feet farther it would have gone through Martinez' window and dropped, with surreal precision, next to her television set.

Kingman's homer has since taken on mythic proportions. Originally estimated as having traveled a little more than 600 feet, it has lately grown to 650, even 675 feet, according to some announcers. There are even people who claim the ball landed on Byron Avenue, two blocks away. "They should put a plaque on the house to avoid confusion," says Buhrke, who measured the blast himself with a 100-foot tape and came up with 550 feet.

For Buhrke, who lives in awe of long-distance hitters, it is enough of a thrill that for an instant he can share their glory, can be at one end of their rainbows. "It's a bridge of identification," he said. "Suddenly there's a home run, and you don't have time to think. You go and get it, and you come back and sit down and your hands are just shaking. It's an unbelievable high."

He smacked his glove slowly. "You know, playing out here is more than what it seems. To me collecting these balls is like a genre of art. Each one is one of a series. Take Hank Aaron. He hit 755 home runs. I have three of them. Ernie Banks hit 512. I have eight. Those are home runs that will never be rehit, things that will never be redone. It means a lot to me that they are mine."



In Waveland Avenue beyond Wrigley's left field, Buhrke stretches to glove a batting-practice clout



All his life he's been a tough competitor.
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QUICK BITES OF A SPORTING FEAST

Tompkins and Hughes are not a song-writing team, a double-play combination or even two guys who run a body-and-fender shop in San Bernardino. They are the working force behind *Weekend Sports*, a program that goes out over NBC radio 15 times a weekend to some 160 stations. Barry Tompkins is the voice of *Weekend Sports*, Mike Hughes is its producer, and if you heard any of their shows last weekend you caught them coming from NBC's home base, New York—an unlikely place for them to be.

Normally they are on the road, living in Sheratons, Hyatts, Hiltons and Executive Houses and doing broadcasts from locations that would fulfill any sport buff's wildest fantasies. Since January they have been on the air from the Super Bowl, the NCAA basketball semifinals; the Hope, Citrus, Doris, Tucson, Sunah Shore and Masters golf tournaments; spring training camps in Florida and Arizona, and Hialeah, Santa Anita and Gulfstream Park racetracks. By Labor Day they will have been to three 500s—Indy, Pocono and California; the WCT tennis championships, the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness and Belmont Stakes as well as the U.S. Open and PGA tournaments, plus most of the NFL camps. They will have on tape an interview with virtually every baseball or football player whose words are worth transcribing.

The tapes prove especially valuable when Tompkins finds it necessary or worthwhile to bulk out a news bulletin. Unlike many interviewers, he listens to what a subject says, rather than rushing into another question. "A good example," he says, "is Chris Evert. She was almost all the time, and we have her on all kinds of tapes. If she was by rushing the net, we can play the rushing-the-net tape."

Come fall, Tompkins and Hughes will be doing football games from colleges on Saturdays and at a pro stadium on Sundays. "The college thing has not been done in years," says Tompkins. "It's a lot more work but it will be worth it."

Weekend Sports comes at the listener in fast bursts that somehow manage to relate who is leading whom at the moment, or who has already won. And the program covers all sports. The final wrap-up at 7:35 p.m. Sunday is the best way to get results you might have missed on weekends when the number

of sporting events is overwhelming.

Actually, radio has always been the best way to keep up with weekend sporting events because network and local television sports shows are now so self-serving that they have become virtually useless for this purpose. They seem compelled to show footage of events that have run on their own network only moments before, or the announcers fall into the old hometown-team trap: "The Knicks are at home tonight and the Rangers are on the road."

And, folks, that's supposed to be news.

Pete Flynn, director of programs at NBC radio, says, "The idea of keeping a guy like Barry Tompkins on the road 45 to 48 weeks a year is not a new one but it tied in with a desire on his part to do it. This is the third year the show has been on the air, and now it is not only flexible, it has impact. Tompkins knows sports, he knows broadcasting and—with Hughes—he can do a knowledgeable commentary on almost anything. He can do things in what we call 'quick bites.' When the show first started we had too many bites—too many little pieces of news in too short a period of time. Now we have it down to the point where we don't do everything, but you still won't miss much listening to Barry."

Tompkins, 36, and Hughes, 29, normally arrive at a location two or three days before an event and establish a beachhead. However, they are not compelled to lead with a story of that event just because that's where they are. The NBC staff back in New York keeps in touch with the team by phone about what is going on in other events across the country, and Tompkins has now developed such a reputation that he can interview the winner of virtually any event on the phone almost immediately.

"Most network sports shows are too New York-oriented," says Tompkins. "I want to be out where the action is, see what is going on. I don't want to sit in a studio and read



HUGHES-TOMPKINS SERVE UP TO-THE-MINUTE SCORES

stuff off a wire. I want to be where it's happening. I have to be there. It isn't the easiest way to do it, but it's the best way."

Tompkins started at San Francisco's KCBS radio in 1965 as a writer of promotion copy. "He was an excellent writer," says Sports Director Don Klein, "and I was impressed with his knowledge and imagination. It wasn't that he was just writing that Ebbets Field had been torn down and that an apartment house was standing in its place. Barry could paint the ghosts for you. But, like any writer, the change to going on the air is very difficult. Short sentences must be used. He was able to make that change rather smoothly. Now he gets right to the point."

Tompkins says, "If I had to make a living out of the quality of my voice, I'd starve. Klein helped me a great deal. When I got a chance to do television in San Francisco I encountered this almost unbelievable problem for an announcer. I was running out of breath. I was writing too long."

Often Tompkins will sit at a typewriter and bang out in outline for his commentaries, but he edits himself when he starts talking by ad-libbing and compressing. There are also all those tapes. Last week, for instance, Hughes and Tompkins sat down and decided they had too many tapes logged in the NBC library, so they threw out some 2,000 of 4,000 interviews. This week they started building toward 4,000 again.

END



Last week, 40-year-old Oerter threw farther in workouts than 19-year-old Oerter (below) did in Melbourne when he won his first Olympic title



His past is slipping into the future

After sitting out the last two Olympic Games, Al Oerter is throwing the discus again and aiming to add to his collection of gold medals

Al Oerter is wearing flared jeans and a flowered shirt as he arrives for a workout at C. W. Post College on Long Island. The clothes look good on him, but even if they didn't, it might be well not to say so. Oerter is 6'4" and 275 pounds, not the sort of man you should anger. Fortunately, Oerter also is a gentle soul.

Yes, he's having a workout. Not merely a bit of exercise to keep a 40-year-old body from getting flabby, but a genuine, full-scale, Moscow-here-I-come workout. Having won four gold medals in the discus in four successive Olympics—1956 to 1968—Al Oerter has climbed down from Mount Olympus and is going for a fifth in 1980.

Considering the places in which he has competed—Melbourne, Rome, Tokyo and Mexico City, among them—C. W. Post seems a quiet spot to prepare for such an assault, but Oerter lives just a few miles down the road in West Islip with his two teen-age daughters. Changing into shorts, T shirt and running shoes, Oerter jams his jeans and flowered shirt into a canvas bag and heads for a distant field where members of the Post track team are unimbering. The day is unseasonably hot, in the upper 80s. "Good for an old man," Oerter says. "You pull muscles when it's cold."

He makes a quick stop at his bright red Fiat, puts the canvas bag away and produces a pair of discuses. "I have to get these two at a time," he says. "After a year they begin to chap. Oh, I suppose if I were throwing on some nice soft grass in California they would last longer, but

the frozen ground here in the East chips them."

Oerter casually scales one of the discuses 100 feet, then jogs after it. Walking back, he tosses it overhead several times, catching it as easily as most men would a silver dollar. After stretching exercises, he joins the Post athletes at a cage where they are tossing the hammer, shot and discus. If they are awed by the massive four-time gold-medal winner, they do not show it; but then Oerter has become a familiar figure on campus. For his part, Oerter tries not to impose himself upon the young weight men. Only once during his workout will he make a critical remark, and then it is done quietly to their coach, Al Dawson. "The kid is dissipating all that energy," Oerter says. "Scared or fouling or something."

When it is his turn to throw, Oerter stands for a few moments at the back of the cage, well behind the throwing circle. He is contemplating his motion. Ideally, if the soles of his shoes were painted, leaving footprints in the ring on his first throw, the second would produce exactly the same set of footprints. Entering the ring, Oerter turns his back to the field, then launches into a crouched windup, spinning 1½ times and releasing the discus. Out it sails, twice as far as anybody else is throwing anything at C. W. Post this day.

And now, warmed up, Oerter takes a towel and places it on a chalk stripe 200 feet from the ring. "I like to have a goal," he says, "even in practice." His first toss lands just short, but the second carries

continued

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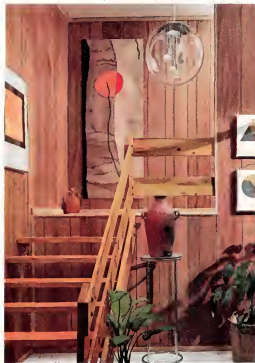
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over the towel by a couple of feet. On this warm day on Long Island, Al Oerter, age 40, has just thrown the discus farther than he did when he won gold medals in Melbourne, Rome and Tokyo. It is a feat he attributes to improved technique and a carefully controlled diet that has replaced the piles of mashed potatoes he used to eat to build up his body. Still his throw is some 30 feet short of Mac Wilkins' world record, but Al Oerter has never cared about world records. He has always been an Olympics man.

Because Oerter has been out of competition since early 1969, a brief reminder of his heroics is in order. In none of his four Olympics was he the favorite, nor was he the reigning world-record holder, yet each time he set an Olympic record. His weight grew from 235 pounds in Melbourne in 1956 to 295 in Mexico City in 1968. He was the first man to throw the discus 200 feet. His winning throws in the Olympics ranged steadily upward from 184' 11" in Melbourne to 212' 6" in Mexico City. It is noteworthy that when Ludvik Daneš of Czechoslovakia won the discus in 1972 in Munich, his distance was more than a foot short of Oerter's 1968 mark (Daneš was 35 at the time. The 1948 Olympic champion, Adolfo Consuegra, got off his best throw when he was a month shy of 39. Former world-record holder Fortune Gordien was still a world-class competitor at 37, and Jay Silvester competed in the Montreal Olympics at 38. There is ample precedence for excelling in the discus at an advanced age.)

"There is something about the Games that gets in your blood," Oerter has said. "All those people from those various nations, all with the same purpose. The crowds, the training, the competition, the pressure, I know it may sound dumb, but I can really get charged up about the Olympics."

He also had the ability to psych out his opponents. In 1968 Silvester was the world-record holder (224' 5") and he was exceeding 200 feet with almost every throw. One day in Mexico City, Silvester, who is from Utah, showed Oerter a good-luck telegram.

"It is signed by almost everybody in my hometown of Orem," said Silvester. "All 400 of them."

"Four hundred?" said Oerter. "Can't

be much of a town," Silvester finished fifth that year.

Tokyo may have been Oerter's most dramatic victory. Two years before, in 1962, he had punched a nerve in his neck that immobilized his left side when he tried to throw. Three doctors told him to call it quits, but Oerter and another doctor had a horse collar built out of foam rubber and plastic, and Al went on throwing. In Tokyo, six days before he competed, Oerter slipped in a wet ring and tore cartilage loose from his rib cage. Again doctors advised him not to throw and again Oerter declined. Shot full of novocaine, taped like a mummy and unable to lie down between throws because of the pain, Oerter got off the winner on his next-to-last attempt, an effort that brought him to his knees in agony. "I thought my ribs would fall off," he said at the time. "The pain was so rough it destroyed all my feelings for competition for a long time afterward."

Mexico City was not much better. A week before his event, Oerter pulled the adductor muscle high on the inside of his right thigh. "It's the worst thing that can happen to a discus thrower," he says. "I couldn't make an involuntary left turn."

He also had to contend with a chronic cervical disc injury, but he refused to wear his collar because it hampered his throwing. The day of the discus competition dawned sunny, but a heavy rain postponed the event until late in the afternoon. After two throws Oerter was in third place. But on his next toss—with what Silvester once described as "that freight train right arm"—he blasted one out 212' 6", more than five feet farther than he had ever thrown before. Oerter had won his event for an unprecedented fourth time.

Shortly after Mexico City he called it quits. Too much pain, too much pressure, most of it brought on by his own demands on himself. "I think the best thing for me to do is to slide out of this gracefully," he said. He was 33, he had a wife, two daughters and a job at Grumman Aircraft as data communications manager. He jogged, he skied, he went boating and he played tennis. His weight dropped to 240. Some people figured he would retire just before the Munich Olympics, but he never gave it a thought. He even declined an invitation to attend

continued

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TRACK AND FIELD continued

the Games as the U.S. Olympic Committee's guest. "I'll watch the foot event on television," he said. "I'll probably get so wound up I'll start training for '76."

This year Oerter and his wife were divorced. "It was perfectly amicable," he says. "She's an artist and has her own studio. She wanted to get a better idea of her own self." Al's daughters, Crystiana, now 18, and Gabrielle, 15, remained with their father.

In late 1975 Oerter became involved with Bud Greenspan's televised series *The Olympiad*. One segment was "The Incredible Five," of which Al was one, along with distance runners Emil Zospek and Paavo Nurmi, sprinter-hurdler Fanny Blankers-Koen and gymnast Vera Caslavsk. Watching films of past Olympics—crowds cheering, flags waving, athletes performing—Oerter felt the juices bubbling.

Then one February evening in 1976, while having dinner in New York with Greenspan and members of his staff, Oerter said, "Bud, I'm very taken by what you're doing. . ."

"Well, we're very taken by what you're doing for us," Greenspan interrupted.

"What I mean," said Oerter, "is that maybe I'll try to do what I said I'd do in Melbourne. I want to try for a fifth gold medal."

Greenspan was elated and decided immediately to film Oerter's comeback. The next day Al phoned him. "I've been thinking about all the money this is going to cost you," he said. "What if I don't win?"

"You let me worry about that," said an amused Greenspan. "You just train."

Oerter began. It was too late to be ready for Montreal, and a long time before Moscow, but it wasn't easy. He pulled several muscles and broke his right ankle. His diet now consists of raw protein mixed with such things as a blended drink of honey, raw eggs, yeast and orange juice, plus meal bread and fresh vegetables and brown rice. He throws four times a week at Post. Two times a week he drives to the nearby home of John Boos, a former Mr. World, who has a weight room in his cellar. "That's for upper-body work," says Oerter. For lower-body work he goes to a health club near his home in Hicksville. As a result his weight is approaching championship lev-

el and his jacket size has increased from 46 to 52.

"The idea is to convert strength to throwing power," he says. "I'm getting there."

Two weeks ago Oerter won the discus at the Post Relays with a toss of 199' 8". This week he will be at Kansas, his alma mater—he was With Chamberlain's classmate—for the Kansas Relays, where the discus throw is named in his honor. This summer he is hoping to take his daughters to Sweden for the World Masters meet, although he fears the competition will not be testing enough. Chances are he will not come up against Mac Wilkins, the current Olympic champion and world-record holder at 232' 6", until next year.

"I only have positive feelings about the man and what he's done," Wilkins says of Oerter. "At his age he's probing new frontiers on what the human body is capable of doing. It will be interesting to see what happens. I still think, however, that Al is throwing the discus primarily for the enjoyment of throwing, while keeping the door open for competition."

That's the way Oerter wants it. "I hope Mac keeps me back there on a recreational basis all the way to Moscow," he says. Oerter introduced himself to Wilkins at last winter's AAU indoor meet in New York. "We just said hello," Al says. "I should have been wearing the T-shirt a very special friend gave to me. It has Moscow 1980 written on it."

Sitting in the football bleachers at Post after his workout, sweat pouring from his brow, Oerter ponders why he is subjecting his 40-year-old body to such rigors. It is not for glory—he has certainly experienced that—nor is it for Greenspan's film or for his daughters, who were too young to appreciate his earlier triumphs. Quite simply, he is coming back because he missed throwing the discus the way others might miss playing golf or tennis.

"I love the movement of the toss itself," he says. "The puny of it. It's very much like a dancer's motion. Now I have a greater awareness of what I'm doing in the throwing ring than I did when I was younger."

Then Al Oerter stands and stretches his great Goliath-like body. "It's good to feel strong again, too."

END

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The Red Hot Test

He's an irregular regular

Bill Robinson is off to a fast start, but he still has no position to call his own

No matter where he is playing—be it Cincinnati or New York or Los Angeles—he is sure to hear it. “Weasser,” someone will call to him from the stands. “Hey, Weasser.” And Bill Robinson of the Pirates will know someone from his hometown of Elizabeth, Pa., just outside Pittsburgh, is on hand. Why was he given the name? Robinson doesn’t know. What does Weasser mean? That’s also a mystery. The nickname is downright befuddling, which makes it especially appropriate for Robinson, a .300 hitter with power and a good glove who, confoundingly enough, cannot get a regular job.

Last season Robinson hit .303 and 21 home runs in 122 games. He was the Lumber Company’s leading right-handed slugger and most valuable player. He performed at five different positions and pinch-hit 455. All of which earned him his 1977 niche as a substitute. “I am the No. 1 utility man in baseball,” he says joylessly.

But in the Panglossian world of Pittsburgh’s new manager, Chuck Tanner, Robinson occupies the best of all possible positions. “People call him a super-sub,” says Tanner. “I call him a super-regular. He’s more valuable than most regulars, because he can play so many positions.”

“It’s true we led Bill to believe he’d be starting at third this season,” says General Manager Pete Peterson, “but we couldn’t resist picking up Phil Garner from the A’s. He plays third, and Wilie Stargell plays first. We want to stick with Al Oliver in left and Dave Parker in right, and we feel Omar Moreno in center gives us the kind of outfield defense we haven’t had since Roberto Clemente. Not that Bill isn’t good defensively. He is, and he’s our top sub at all five positions. He may not get 400 at bats, but he’ll get plenty with his versatility.”

And with the ever-burgeoning Pirate injury list, Robinson was a disgruntled bench warmer for the first four innings of the season. Because Oliver was sidelined when the pain from a mouth ulcer became too acute, Robinson moved into the outfield. Two games later Stargell began suffering, first from a strained right knee, then from dizzy spells, and Robinson has been at first base ever since. Through last weekend, he was hitting .348 and leading the Bucs with eight runs batted in. There was even talk in Pittsburgh that the Pirates will trade one of their regulars so that Robinson can have a spot to call his own in the lineup.

Robinson’s prebating ritual includes a quick Lord’s Prayer while he crosses himself several times. Then he rubs his forehead from eyebrows to hairline with the middle and index fingers of his right hand, a relaxation technique he picked up from a kinesiologist. Finally Robinson assumes an upright stance made all the more menacing by his 6’3”, 200-pound frame, and lashes downward at the ball with a whippy 33-ounce bat. “I try to make the top of the ball mine,” he says. “I swing for grounders and line drives. After all, how often does a guy drop a fly? But the big thing is, I’ve learned to relax and meet the ball instead of trying to overpower it. I’ve eliminated the word ‘pressure’ from my vocabulary.”

“His attitude has changed completely,” says Del Unser of the Expos, a close friend and former teammate of Robinson’s in Philadelphia. “He was very high-strung with the Yankees [1967-69] and at times with the Phillies [1972-74]. Now he can wait out a pitcher and hit breaking stuff. I think if he hadn’t had to break in as a Yankee, he’d have been where he is now five years ago.”

Robinson’s New York debut was a tough one. He was just 23 and recovering from surgery on his throwing arm. Nonetheless, the New York press insisted on calling him a “black Mickey Mantle.” Robinson increased the pressure on himself by homering in his second Yankee at bat. Forever pressing, he hit .196, .240 and .171 in three seasons. One day he broke every one of his bats on a dug-out wall. Then, after dropping down to the minors for a couple of seasons, Robinson became a Phillie in 1972 and the next year hit .288 to win a starting position in the outfield. No sooner was he

continued



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a regular than his bad luck returned. Robinson underwent off-season surgery for bone chips in his left elbow and found, to his utter disbelief, that he was not starting in 1974. A somewhat overblown dispute with Manager Danny Ozark has teased his trade to Pittsburgh.

"I saw the lineup card without my name on it and took a swipe at it, not meaning to touch it," Robinson recalls. "But it came off, and Ozark was watching. He called me into his office, which he had a perfect right to do, and we both let off a lot of steam. When I was leaving, I tried to close the door gently, but there was a breeze and it slammed." Now he can laugh about the incident.

Robinson was ripe for another blow-up after the Garner trade this March. Instead, he calmly talked out his disappointment with two friends from his minor league days and his father, Bill Sr., a retired steelworker. "They all told me the same things," Robinson says, "that I still had a job and that things could be worse. So I didn't do anything rash, and I'm glad. We got a heck of a third baseman on the deal, and because I had thought I would start, I had gotten into the best shape of my life mentally and physically." Robinson still wishes he were a regular, of course, but he does not talk about it much.

Nearly 34, Robinson knows his big-league time is short, but though he has had off-season jobs as a management trainee, of late he has been almost too altruistic, spending much of his spare time raising funds for research on lupus, an often-fatal disease that attacks the connective tissues and can affect any part of the body from the skin to the heart. "There may be half a million Americans suffering from lupus," says Robinson, "but very little is known about it. Often doctors fail to diagnose it."

During the past year, Robinson has begun thinking of his future. "If I had a guarantee of security, I'd like to move back to Pittsburgh and get work in the winter," he says. "It's been tough on my wife and children, living in our home outside Philadelphia while I'm in a hotel room here. There would be nothing better than finishing up my career at home before my family and friends."

But if it doesn't work out that way, there's still consolation for Robinson. He learned long ago that Weaser-watchers will travel anywhere to see their favorite jobless player go to work.

THE WEEK

(April 10-16)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AL WEST If nothing else, the first full week of play proved you couldn't tell the players without a scorecard. Expansion, free agency, heavy trading and an influx of rookies resulted in unfamiliar lineups. Newcomers excelled for Oakland (5-2), Pablo Torrealba notching two saves and a win, Dave Grist two saves and Doug Bair a victory. All nine A's homers were hit by freshly acquired players, including two each by Dick Allen and Wayne Gross.

Seattle fans chanted "Roop. Roop. Roop" to urge on Centerfielder Ruppert Jones, 22, who responded with three home runs. Also drawing cheers was Steve Braun, who singled in the 13th inning to finish off his former Minnesota teammates 3-2.

Two free-agent signers bolstered Chicago (4-1), Steve Stone pitching a three-hitter to stop Toronto 3-2 and Roylee Silliman driving in the decisive scores with a two-run single as the White Sox came from five runs back to overhaul the Blue Jays 7-5.

Minnesota split eight games, with all the victories going to new arms. Geoff Zahn, who had been released by the Cubs, had two wins. Other victors were Paul Thormodsgard (7-1) over the A's and Ron Schuler (3-2) over the Mariners.

Former Yankee Doyle Alexander and Paul Lindblad, late of the A's, combined for a 3-2 win by Texas (2-1) over Baltimore.

Kansas City (2-3) got early dividends from a trade with Milwaukee. Darrell Porter batted .471 and Jim Colborn (with relief from Larry Gura) beating Detroit 5-0.

The Angels (3-4), who averaged two homers a week last season, walked off 11, with Bobby Bonds and Don Baylor socking three apiece. But one thing that has not changed for California is Nolan Ryan's pitching. He beat Seattle 7-0 with his fifth career one-hitter.

TEX 4-1 OAK 7-2 CHS 5-2 KC 4-3
CAL 5-6 MIN 4-5 SEA 4-7

AL EAST "Milwaukee is ready for a baseball explosion," said Alex Grammas, manager of the Brewers (4-1). Two homers by Sotelo Lezcano clipped the Yankees 2-1, and Cecil Cooper's two-run blast in the ninth, followed by Sal Bando's triple and Steve Brye's single, overcame New York again 4-3. Jim Stinton whitewashed Baltimore 5-0.

In the eighth inning of a game in Fenway Park, the Indians (2-2) scored 13 times and the Red Sox six, breaking by two the modern record for most runs in one inning by two

teams. Although the final score was 19-9 in Cleveland's favor, no home runs were hit. Boston (1-3) became the last team in the majors to win its first game, zapping the Indians 8-4 behind Luis Tiant.

New York's high-saluted stars did not shine. Reggie Jackson was picked off base in a crucial spot, made a costly error and became embroiled in a controversy with Manager Billy Martin about whether Jackson should have lost the press about his ailing arm. Don Gullett lost twice; the team had only two homers and the Yankees' solitary win in five tries was by a 5-3 score in Kansas City.

Baltimore (1-2) scored meagerly three runs, once on a hit by Rick Dempsey that gave Jim Palmer a 1-0 win over Milwaukee.

Detroit (3-4) beat Kansas City 8-5 on a three-run homer in the ninth by Rusty Staub and downed Toronto 6-1 as Dave Roberts gave up only four hits. But the Tigers had their share of unsettling events, too. After 13 seasons as a big favorite with the Tigers, Willie Horton was traded to the Rangers for pitcher Steve Foucart. Detroit twice made five errors in a game, relief ace John Hiller lost twice in his berthplace, Toronto, and rookie phenom Dave Rozema committed a run-scoring blat when his hand truck his knee and dislodged the ball.

MIL 5-2 CLE 3-2 TOR 5-4 DET 3-6
NY 2-5 BAL 1-4 BOS 1-4

NL WEST "This is a multidimensional club," said Reggie Smith of Los Angeles (4-2). "It's a smart team, and it has speed and power." Eight homers (three by Smith) and eight steals (six by Davey Lopes) helped substantiate two of those claims, as the Dodgers outslugged the Braves 14-10 and Bart Horton defeated the Giants 5-0.

San Francisco (3-3) got power from its new M&M combination, Willie McCovey and Bill Madlock, who hit two home runs apiece.

Houston (3-3) played five straight one-run games, winning three of them from Cincinnati. In the last of these victories, the Astros went ahead 7-6 in the 10th when Jose Cruz doubled and Willie Crawford singled.

New Braves led Atlanta (4-2) to a pair of 4-3 wins over Houston. Jeff Burroughs hammering a two-run homer in his first Atlanta Stadium at-bat and Gary Matthews driving in the clinching run in the seventh inning the next day. Dick Ruthven picked up that win and also stopped the Astros 6-0.

San Diego (3-3) beat Cincinnati twice, 12-4 as Bob Shirley struck out 11 in his major league debut and 5-4 as Dave Roberts drove in the winning run in the ninth. "The Padres are forcing things, stealing bases, doing things we do to win," said Joe Morgan of the Reds (1-5), who fell into the cellar. The Reds suffered four one-run losses. Morgan, though, was at his best, socking his second

continued

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BASEBALL continued

and third homers off lefties, against whom he had only three all last season.

LA 6-2 HOUS 5-3 ATL 4-4
SD 4-5 SF 3-5 CIN 3-6

NL EAST The Cardinals (3-3) did not wait into first place, they got there with the help of pregame *pas d'action* exercises. Sand Lou Brock of the 15-minute dancelike warmups St. Louis has been using since the start of spring training. "We never went into a season in better shape." Then, after rookie Reliever John Ureña halted a Pirate uprising in his first big-league outing, he upstaged a dance of his own, jumping up and down and war-whooping in the dugout. Ureña went on to save that game and another four days later.

Wearing black armbands in honor of owner Philip K. Wrigley, who died last week, the Cubs (4-1) climbed to second place. On Easter Sunday Ivan DeJesus hit his first homer in 91 major league games, a three-run drive that beat the Mets 5-2.

Manager Joe Frazier of New York (2-4) beamed his "jerky" infield, which failed to flag down grounders, botched up relays and lost balls in the sun. But he could not fault Tom Seaver, who stopped St. Louis 4-0.

Pittsburgh (4-1) got back-to-back shutouts from Bruce Kison, who defeated Montreal 3-0 with a two-hitter, and Jim Rooker, who disposed of St. Louis 7-0 on three hits. In their other wins, the Pirates got game-winning hits from Rennie Stennett.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

MITCHELL, PAGE: Oakland's 25-year-old rookie outfielder, already dubbed "The Rage" by A's rosters, batted .424 and got one triple, two steals, three homers, four doubles, eight runs, 15 RBIs and a \$10,000 raise.

Construction and confusion prevailed as Montreal (2-3) opened at uncompleted Olympic Stadium. Early-arriving fans were unable to enter the park for nearly an hour because no one could find the keys to unlock the gates. Eventually, \$7,592 got in and, together with construction workers who peered through scaffolding, saw the Expos lose to the Phillies 7-2. However, Montreal took two other games against Philadelphia. Tony Perez had four RBIs in one of the wins.

"Baseball is a game of inches. The Bull just happened to put 3,800 (sic) inches together" was how Tug McGraw of the Phillies (1-4) summed up a 450-foot homer by Greg Luzinski that helped spoil Montreal's home opener.

ST. L. 5-3 CHI 4-3 PITT 4-3
NY 4-4 MONT 3-3 PHIL 1-5

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No million-dollar baby

It was only the third race on the Saturday afternoon card at Keeneland Race Course, but it seemed like the Kentucky Derby. Under the old oak trees in the saddling area, perspiring fans elbowed, shoved, snapped instantaries and strained for a glimpse of the golden filly with the most god-awful name this side of Seattle Slew. Never mind that she had never raced, or that her challenge this day was only a 4½-furlong sprint with a chicken-feed purse of \$6,500. This was one race for the history books. This was the first race ever run by a son or daughter of Secretariat.

The record crowd of 22,303 in Lexington was there in part because of the continuing public fascination with Sec-

retariat, the colt that had captured the nation's heart by winning the 1973 Triple Crown. Syndicated before his 3-year-old season for a then-record \$6.08 million, Secretariat was retired to stud at Claiborne Farm near Paris, Ky. Ever since, the racing industry has been waiting to see if he can match at stud his performance as a runner. At least some horse-men believe he will. Last summer, for example, a Secretariat yearling colt out of Charming Alibi sold for a world-record \$1.5 million.

Of the 28 living foals in Secretariat's initial crop, the first to make it to the races was the last foaled, a filly out of Spo II that has been stuck with the name Sexetary. When F. Eugene Dixon Jr.,

owner of the Philadelphia 76ers and one of Secretariat's 32 shareholders, failed to come up with a mare to breed that first season, he agreed to give Catesby Clay of Runnymede Farm and Howard Noonan, his partner, the right in exchange for 50% of the foal.

Clay and Noonan sent Spo II, a half-sister to Arc de Triomphe-winner Prince Royal II, to Secretariat. On May 21, 1975, the mare dropped her filly at Runnymede. The foal's golden color and white stockings marked her as her father's daughter. However, as she grew, she developed a crooked right front knee.

When Clay and Noonan sent her through last summer's select sale at Keeneland, the bad knee was so noticeable that she brought a bargain price—\$75,000. "We had the distinction of selling the lowest-priced Secretariat," said Clay, dryly. The buyer was Andrew Adams, an Appalachian coal baron who was plunging into the thoroughbred business. "I had admired the horse when I was visiting Runnymede," says Adams, "and made up my mind that if she didn't go for more than \$125,000, I was going to buy her."

Adams, who recently sold his eastern Kentucky coal operations for a reported \$20 million, shipped the filly to Trainer John Ward to be broken. He asked his wife Reny to name her, and she came up with Sexetary. "At first it was kind of a joke," said Mrs. Adams. "Then we knew we really couldn't call her anything but that. I'm sort of proud of it."

Last November, Adams sent Sexetary to Trainer Dave Kassen, an ex-jockey who has 40 or so horses in a public stable, but has won only two stakes in his six years as a trainer.

Kassen took Sexetary to Hialeah and began galloping her. In mid-January, he began breezing the filly an eighth of a mile once a week. He was impressed with her appearance ("Just like her old man") and her temperament. "Secretariat was big and kind," says Kassen. "And this filly has a lot of sense. She doesn't do anything silly. You can breeze her slow or fast."

He considered starting her at Hialeah, but finally decided to wait for Keeneland, which is only 20 miles from where Secretariat stands at stud. The week before the race he worked her a half-mile in 48½, and that convinced Assistant

continued

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Trainer Dale Bender that she was going to win her debut.

"The way she trained, I think she shows a lot of promise," said Bender. "She's in perfect shape. We're sending her out on her own. She's not getting any medication. Just Ace bandages and a lot of hope."

An hour or so before the race, groom Ned Suter went into Sexterity's stall to wrap her ankles. As he worked, the Emmylou Harris version of the old Chuck Berry song *You Never Can Tell* blared from a nearby radio. That, said Kassen, summed up the business of racing 2-year-olds. "She's trained good," he said, "but I think she'll be a little better going farther. She has speed, but she isn't quick. Her crooked knee has straightened up so you can't see it. If her knee had looked as good as it does now, she would have brought twice as much."

About 20 minutes before post time, Sexterity was taken out of her stall and led to the saddling area. As she neared the grandstand and heard the roar of the

crowd, she perked up so much that she began to rear. Taking the shank from the groom, Kassen calmed her enough so that she willingly walked into the teeming crowd in the saddling area.

While Sexterity was being readied and taken to the paddock, where stone-faced Jockey Don Brumfield climbed aboard, the crowd bet her down to 1 to 2. Adams, flanked by his wife and daughter, sent a friend off with instructions to buy 50 two-dollar win tickets. If Sexy won, said Adams, he would give the tickets to friends as souvenirs.

The field arrayed against Sexterity didn't seem too imposing. A soft spot to make the first Secretariat runner look good, muttered insiders. Breaking on the rail, Sexterity took the lead midway through the first (and only) turn and continued on top into the stretch. Then Hot Commodity, ridden by Mike Bryan, challenged. Those who had bet on Secretariat's blood wanted for class to show. Instead, Hot Commodity pulled away and Sexy began to fade, badly. By the time

they got to the finish line, Sexterity was fourth, beaten 2½ lengths by a filly called Set A Limit. Hot Commodity was second with Gypsy Legend third.

Kassen fretted that Brumfield had been forced to rush the filly out of the gate, using her too early. Asked for a comment on the race, Brumfield seemed indifferent, almost sullen. "She just got outrun today," he said. "If she had been by any stallion but Secretariat, nobody would have been disappointed. I can't see any reason to condemn her or praise her. She's just a horse, that's all."

Indeed, only the foolhardy would attempt to make a case on Secretariat's get—or on Sexterity—on the basis of a single short race. Though he is new to the business, Adams understands. For probably the first time in racing history there was a press conference for the owner of the fourth-place finisher in a third race. In the press box, Adams said gallantly, "We didn't need her to win. In his first start, her daddy was fourth, too. So she's right on schedule." **END**

The great white wines of Paul Masson.



Nothing good happens fast.

The third annual Philadelphia-Toronto quarterfinal series in the Stanley Cup playoffs began last week, and in keeping with the wacky history of the event, the first four games failed to follow any logical pattern. Indeed, while Montreal and the New York Islanders both swept their series, and Boston was taking a 3-1 lead over Los Angeles, the Flyers and the Maple Leafs invented something called the "away-ice advantage" or the "home-ice disadvantage." Take your pick.

To demonstrate it, they had the Maple Leafs skate into Philadelphia, where they had won only one game in six years, and beat the Flyers twice in three nights. Then they took their great discovery to Toronto and had the Flyers beat the Maple Leafs twice in three nights. Both times in sudden death. And both times after furious rallies in the closing minutes of regulation play.

Apparently facing an embarrassing early elimination, the visiting Flyers forced the third game of the series into overtime Friday night on Rick MacLennan's goal with 38 seconds to play. MacLennan scored again less than three minutes into sudden death, and the Flyers escaped 4-3.

For a time Sunday night, it appeared as if the away-ice advantage would not

The away advantage

Twice losers at Philadelphia, the Flyers won twice at Toronto to tie the series

work. With Lanny McDonald scoring four goals, the Maple Leafs were coasting along with a 5-2 lead, and there were less than six minutes to play. But Philadelphia's Mel Bridgman closed Toronto's lead to 5-3 with a shorthanded goal at 14:11, and when Tom Bladen and Bobby Clarke struck for goals at 18:11 and 18:27, the Flyers had forced another overtime. The invention worked once again, Philadelphia's Reggie Leach beating Toronto goaltender Mike Palmateer after 19:10 of overtime to give the Flyers a 6-5 victory and square the series at two games apiece.

The Maple Leafs' failures before the home fans were almost in keeping with

their new image. Historically a stodgy bunch, they now tend to behave like the cast of a Mel Brooks movie. Cantankerous owner Harold Ballard has been compared to every bombastic figure from Charlie Finley to Idi Amin. While the Leafs were beating the Flyers 3-2 and 4-1 at Philadelphia, Ballard was quoted as criticizing 1) the courage of his Swedish players, Borge Salming and Inge Hammarstrom, 2) the social legislation of the provincial (Ontario) attorney general, and 3) the decisions of Toronto Coach Red Kelly. Meanwhile, Kelly was busy spraying negative ions around the locker room. Last year, Kelly had employed "pyramid power," and two years ago, responding to Ballard's contention that he wasn't tough enough on the players, Kelly had earned a cut-of-nine-tails behind the bench.

Palmateer, a curly-haired rookie, not only looks like a soda jerk down at Baskin-Robbins, but he also looks as though he samples all 31 flavors every day. Forward Dave (Tiger) Williams, the NHL's penalty leader with 338 minutes, has Currier Isha's crazy face and works out daily on a punching bag. Another forward, Jim McKenny, keeps up a Caronesque monologue, even on the ice. After saying that the eight stitches sewn into his head Wednesday night didn't bother him, McKenny added, "This game is 50% mental and 50% being mental."

Still, Toronto's successes at Philadelphia were hardly expected. The Flyers had roared down the stretch with an eight-game undefeated streak and finished with more points (112) than any team except Montreal—and 31 more points than the Maple Leafs. The Leafs played inconsistently all year. They surrendered more goals than nine of the 12 teams that made the playoffs. They won one game 11-9, lost another 9-5, and in the second half of the schedule won only 12 of 40 games, including just two against teams with winning records. In addition, for the Philadelphia series the Toronto defense corps was down to four semi-healthy bodies. Two of them belonged to rookie Randy Carlyle and WHA reject Mike Pelyk, and when they suddenly appeared as a regular tandem, they were immediately dubbed "The Odd Couple."

The two games at the Spectrum followed identical scripts. In each, the Maple Leafs came out flying and, led by their three stars—Center Darryl Sittler,



The Maple Leafs' Seiling (21) worked overtime trying to keep the Flyers away from goalie Palmateer

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Right Wing McDonald and the ubiquitous Salmang, the best defensive defenseman in hockey—jumped to 3-0 leads against shaky Goaltender Bernie Parent. Then, with a secure lead, the Leafs adopted a stubborn goal-line-stand style of defense and played the final two periods as though they were two men short. "We seemed to control the games," said Flyer Wing Ross Lonsberry, "but nothing ever happened. It was frustrating. They kept shooting the puck 40 feet in the air, and we spent two nights looking for it."

On those rare occasions when the Flyers did penetrate Toronto's defense, they

were further frustrated by Palmateer's brilliant goaltending. "Nervous?" he was asked. "Naw, no more than for a house game." The book says that the red-haired, green-eyed Palmateer is 23, but he looks 13. "When I'm 40," he says, "I'll look 23, and all those other guys will be wrinkled and ugly." The book also says Palmateer is 5' 9", but he's barely 5' 7".

"Winning these two games doesn't surprise me," said Williams. "The talent's here. We just screwed around too much during the regular season. I'm not saying the Flyers are counted out, but they're done like a dinner." Sittler, however, was

more cautious. "Just look at our recent road and home records," he said. In fact, the Maple Leafs were 8-4-3 away from Toronto and only 2-6-5 at home. "Sometimes we get carried away and try to put on a big show for the home fans," Sittler explained.

Toronto was in a sports frenzy when the Maple Leafs arrived back in town. Not only were the Leafs two games up on the Flyers, the baseball Blue Jays also were tied for first place in the American League East (page 24). Scalpers swooped down on Carlton Street, asking—and getting—\$75 to \$125 for a single ticket to



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the third game of the Maple Leafs-Flyers series. One local columnist wrote, "A good hockey series is what holds this country together." Disc jockeys cut short their rock panter to talk about the Maple Leafs and the Blue Jays.

For their part, the Flyers had other things on their mind. On Wednesday morning they learned that Barry Ashbee, their assistant coach, whose playing career was terminated three years ago when he was struck in the eye by a puck, was in a Philadelphia hospital with leukemia. On Friday morning 16 Flyers skated at a game-day workout at Maple Leaf Gardens, but four others were in Ontario County Court to face trial on charges resulting from the brawls that highlighted the second annual Philadelphia-Toronto series in 1976.

To shake the Flyers up, Coach Fred Shero started Wayne Stephenson in place of Parent in the third game Friday night. But the Maple Leafs didn't seem to notice the difference. Sittler scoring early in the first period for a 1-0 lead, then combining with Salming to set up Ian Turnbull for a 2-0 advantage. However, as Sittler had feared, the Leafs tried to put on a show for their fans. "For some reason Toronto got a little fancier once it had that 2-0 lead," said Lonsberry.

Indeed, Toronto unaccountably abandoned the goal-line defense that had worked so effectively in Philadelphia and tried to free-skate with the Flyers. In quick order, Lonsberry and Orest Kindrachuk scored to tie the game at 2-2, and most of the action was at Palmateer's goal crease.

Late in the third period the message board flashed word that the Blue Jays were leading the White Sox at Chicago. The crowd erupted. Moments later it erupted again when Errol Thompson beat Stephenson through a screen to give the Leafs a 3-2 lead with 4:09 to play.

"The Toronto fans thought we were dead," Shero said, "but our guys were so determined that they were all standing up on the bench and screaming. I couldn't even see the sleeping game." Well, Fred, MacLesh scored the tying and winning goals.

Then on Sunday night Palmateer couldn't handle Leach's long overtime blast, giving the Flyers their 6-5 victory and leaving the exasperated McDonald to mumble, "Well, at least we've still got the away-ice advantage to look forward to in two of the next three games." **END**



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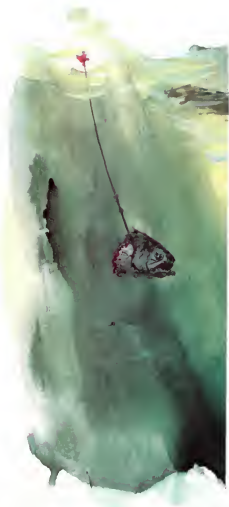
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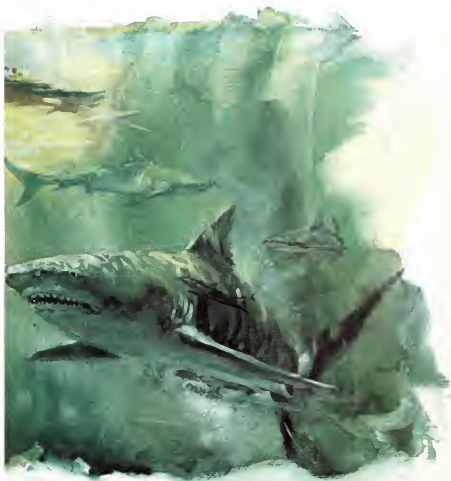
OUT FOR BLOOD

BY JACK RUDLDE

The author, who collects marine specimens for laboratories, usually searches for hermit crabs on the tidal flats of Florida's Gulf Coast, dips up jellyfish from his dock or scrapes barnacles from its pilings. But when an order comes in for a gallon of shark's blood, he barrels out to sea

CONTINUED





The letter from the University of Wisconsin medical school was emphatic. If we didn't ship the shark blood by Sept. 8, we had better forget it. And \$400 for a gallon of blood was good and much needed money. We had tried to fill the order over the past few weeks and I was getting more and more discouraged because we were catching only small sharks of mixed species, which did not fill the requirements. When I figured up all our time and expenses, I was beginning to wonder if we would break even—if and when we succeeded. We tried to leave jugs attached to baited lines off a sandbar while we were tideflat collecting, but it never worked.

Over the years I have found sharks to be a losing or at best a break-even proposition, although I could never turn down an order for one because of the thrill involved in catching and handling them. I'll never forget the order for a pound of shark brains. I sat there ripping open the frozen heads of blacktip sharks and scooping out the tiny amount of soft matter. It took more than 10 sharks of assorted sizes to fill the order. Then there was the order for 20 pounds of shark liver, which would have been easy to fill and highly profitable in July or August, but the order came in February, when no sharks were to be found anywhere. Nevertheless, we spent hours fishing for them in deep water, hoping a big stray would be around. We lost the order.

Once in a while we won one, though. The National Institutes of Health wanted 100 pounds of hammerhead shark skin and fins, and we happened to meet a fisherman who had found a 15-footer entangled in his net. The shark had ripped and twisted the 300-yard gill net before drowning, and the fisherman triumphantly beached it not more than a mile from my dock. I squatted in the boiling August sun, sawing away and skinning the monster while a mob of people gathered round to ask what I was doing and why. By the time all the fins and the two elongated sides of the hammerhead's hammer were sawed off and large sections of

a shark back and put it in our tank, and there was no fish that could compare with it. So little is known about sharks, even though there are laboratories working on their behavior and physiology. There is an innate fascination about them, compounded of respect and fear. And in this day and age, when man with his bulldozers is pushing back the forests, draining the swamps and endangering a number of species, it is good to think there may be one species that he will never destroy.

I have taken tiger sharks, lemon sharks, bull sharks, hammerheads and blacktips from the estuaries and waters of Florida. I have netted small sharks in gill nets and have on rare occasions supplied them alive to large public aquariums. It has always amazed me how fragile a shark really is, how easily life slips from its body, especially when you want one to live.

I recall the many hours I have spent walking freshly caught sharks around our tanks, so that the oxygen and water can pass through the gills, and then at last there is that spasmodic jerk, a swish of a fin, and the shark begins to swim. It swims a few feet and then sinks to the bottom, and we start walking it again, and again, until finally the shark is able to swim under its own power and moves freely around the tank. But in all likelihood the next morning it will be lying belly up on the bottom of the tank.

It is almost as if sharks weren't meant to be held in captivity and beheld by man in a tank. A shark has no bone, just cartilage, and if you handle one roughly, you can cause internal hemorrhaging and dislocate its soft tissues.

On the hot August day my assistants, Leon and Edward, and I went out for the University of Wisconsin's shark blood, the sea was mirror calm and we could see for miles as we raced across the surface, skimming it, shattering it with our wake. We had the old outboard tunnel boat all prepared for shark fishing. Not only was it filled with bloody bait, hooks, lines, anchors and jugs, but we also had Styrofoam chests filled with ice and gallon jars containing tiny bottles of heparin, which would be used to keep the blood from clotting. That was important because shark blood clots easily. The med school insisted that the blood cells be evenly distributed throughout the plasma; it didn't want one big ugly clump of cells.

We didn't have to run very far before reaching excellent shark-fishing waters. They could even have been called "shark-infested waters," but that definition I find a little vague, because any body of seawater on this planet, except the Antarctic Ocean, is "shark-infested" in certain seasons. Along the far end of the Panacea Channel off Florida's northern Gulf Coast, where the water was deeper and the current was swifter, the largest number of sharks could be chummed up in the shortest possible time.

Leon slowed the tunnel boat, we glided to a stop and he began to chum. Beneath our boat was a magnificent seaweed bottom, a limestone outcrop of flat rock so heavily overgrown with sponges and gorgonians that it looked like a dense forest of yellow, purple, red and orange plastic-coated wire. The water was scarcely 15 feet deep, and we often went diving there to fill our orders. We had from time to time also pulled some huge sharks from

This article is an excerpt from the book "The Living Dock at Panacea" to be published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

skin were piled up. I was sweaty, reeking of shark and exhausted, but I had my 100 pounds of skin and could have saved another 100 pounds if I'd needed it.

But whatever profits were made by selling \$300 worth of hammerhead to N.I.H. were probably lost when we went out for 40 pounds of shark cartilage. Who would have thought it takes four six-foot sharks to fill an order like that? A shark is supposed to be all cartilage and muscle, but the cartilage is less than 10% of its total weight. Sometimes you can fish all day and not catch a single shark, and the next time the water is teeming with them. It takes time and labor, tank after tank of gasoline, a lot of rigged lines, fresh bait and your undivided attention, and still there is no guarantee you'll get the right shark.

So why didn't I write to the University of Wisconsin and say we could no longer afford to ship sharks or shark products? I suppose it was because I am enthralled by them. I love their sleek form and beauty, the way they move majestically through the water. Now and then we would bring

these waters, including tigers, hammerheads and bulls.

But never while diving had we been bothered by even one shark. In fact, in all our combined years of diving, shark sightings had been extremely rare. I recall having encountered a young hammerhead once while diving around some pflings. I was absorbed in collecting sea pork and when I looked up I saw the hammerhead approaching. When it came within range, it spooked, and turned and fled. The one experience my wife Anne had was a little scarier. She was diving with a companion around an oil rig off the Louisiana coast, making a survey of fouling organisms, when a small sand shark, about four feet long, appeared, circled and refused to go away. It appeared territorial in its manner and seemed to regard the large funny-looking divers with their clouds of bubbles as trespassers. When it showed a little too much interest, Anne and her buddy gave a thumbs-up signal and surfaced.

But we knew one sports diver who frequently dived along the north Florida rocky outcrops and he always saw sharks, sometimes enormous ones, and he had had some close calls. He was a spear fisherman. He went down to the bottom not to observe and appreciate but to kill. He would swim up to a large friendly grouper, which peered out at him curiously from its cave, and would send his spear smashing into its side. The frantic death struggle of the fish and the cloud of blood permeating the water invariably brought sharks to the area. Once this mighty he-man had to kill a 10-foot bull shark that came a little too close.

Perhaps it may appear a bit hypocritical for me to write about my adventures in catching and killing sharks and

then berate someone else for doing the same, but there is a difference. When a man straps on scuba gear and jumps overboard, he leaves his own world and ventures into another. He should behave as a guest of that world, take only what he needs and destroy as little as possible. When I see so-called sportsmen reeling in a struggling shark, shooting it and then cutting it loose and letting it sink limply to the bottom, I feel that a crime against nature is being committed. If the shark were used somehow—for food or for science—then taking its life wouldn't be as bad or wasteful.

The so-called primitive people around the world who are one with their environments venerate the creatures they catch and eat, whether they be sea turtles, whales or sharks. Often the catching and slaughtering of a large animal is accompanied by ritual songs and dances of appreciation to the various sea gods and nature spirits that have provided them with food and medicine.

In much the same sense, as I sat upon the stern of the tunnel boat, ramming large steel-barbed hooks through chunks of bloody fish, I was asking the sea to give up one of its sharks. In return I would do everything in my power to keep my fellow human beings from destroying and polluting the sea.

"We ought to catch a hell of a shark here with all this chum," Leon said as his knife sliced through the red meat of a creville jack. "I used to have a line of crab traps here, and we'd see some monsters following the boat. I saw a hammerhead here once that must have been 15 feet long. If we caught one like that we'd have enough blood to fill a washtub. All right, Edward, start throwing out the chum."

continued



That morning we had made the rounds of all the fish houses and gotten two barrels of their discards to use for chum. There was a great array of mullet heads, backbones, guts and scales, and half a garbage can of semiroten shrimp heads. But for bait we bought some jacks and fresh mullet, nice sleek fish with firm tissues, packed on ice. The mullet were good enough to eat, in fact, so I made sure they were well iced just in case we didn't catch any sharks, or caught sharks before we used them up. It had been a long while since I'd had some nice fresh mullet for dinner.

Long ago I had learned that it didn't pay to be stingy and get bad bait when shark fishing. Although we could usually chum up a few sharks that would go out of their minds in a gobbling fit, most of them are discriminating. If we economized and put old fish on the hook, the bait would sit there until the crabs ate it. We would see sharks circling all around it, but they seldom would move in to feed. Only a fresh, firm healthy fish, the kind you would eat yourself, could really guarantee a shark. The only thing better would be to put on a live fish and let it thrash around, its distress movements and vibrations would bring in sharks before you knew it.

Leon set the hooks through the mullets' bodies, tossed the jugs overboard and then threw out the heavy concrete blocks that were attached to them. Edward dumped a small bucket of mullet pieces and shrimp heads into the sea, and the juices clouded the water. "If anything's going to draw those sharks, this will," said Leon excitedly. "The tide is about right, too. It's still on the rise and that's when sharks should be feeding."

Leon threw out the second jug, raced the boat several hundred feet ahead and threw out the next jug and the next, until they were all sitting on the flat surface in a neat row. Around each jug were 10 pounds of chum filtering through the water, dispersing and, one hoped, enticing large hungry sharks. Sharks' power of smell is amazing. When there is blood in the water they will come from a long distance. But how do they do it? How does a little bit of blood that mixes with millions of gallons of water manage to stimulate the olfactory nerve of a shark and send it zeroing in for the kill?

My thoughts were interrupted when the first jug we put out began to bounce, and Edward cried, "We've got one! We've got one!" Leon jerked the starter cord. The outboard did nothing. He cursed and jerked it again, and this time it fired up. He hurriedly slapped it into gear and we were tearing off toward the jug. While it was jerking and thrashing about in a wide circle, it was obvious that the shark that had struck it wasn't big enough to get up and run with the jug. The shark could barely pull it under, but

that didn't stop the fish from moving it around so fast it was difficult to grab.

Each time we reached out to snatch the jug it went under and moved off, and then it went way down. We looked at the jug a bit puzzled; it didn't make any sense. Then 50 feet away from the boat the jug surfaced again, but it was hardly moving. All the fight had gone out of the shark, yet judging from the way the jug sat in the water, the shark was still on it.

There was a shark on it all right, or at least a piece of one. A small blacktip, about four feet long, had taken the bait and had been chopped in half by a much bigger shark. Somewhere down there was the shark we were looking for, one capable of taking another that must have weighed 40 pounds and severing it with a single bite.

"If we can get the one that bit this one," observed Leon, "I think you'll have all the blood you need."

Edward jerked the hook out of the dead shark's mouth, hooked on a fresh mullet and tossed it overboard. Now we were watching the jugs intently, our eyes roving from one to another. But nothing moved.

Somewhere beneath our boat lurked a big shark, maybe a huge hammerhead or a tiger. Still the jugs didn't move. Perhaps our big friend down there was only interested in frantic struggling game. Perhaps dead fish didn't appeal to its taste. We threw the badly bitten shark overboard, and as I watched it sink to the bottom I hoped that I might see a large gray shape appear and gobble it down. But the dead shark sank untouched out of sight.

Although I had a face mask in the bow, I wasn't about to put it on and stick my head into the water. The smell of shark, the feel of shark, made me ungle. Perhaps it aroused some atavistic fear in me, dating back to a time when ancient people lived at the seashore and made their living spearing fish, catching lobsters and digging clams. Food would have been plentiful at the edge of the sea, but their greatest terror would have been the sight of a dorsal fin clearing the water. I thought of those powerful toothy jaws down below clamping down on the rest of the dead shark, and I knew that I didn't want to fall overboard.

The chances of being attacked by a shark are about as great as being struck by lightning. Yet in reading the popular literature, one gets the impression that sharks have nothing better to do than rove the sea looking for humans to eat. Every day people are mutilated on the highways in machines of their own making, ripped apart in airplane crashes, burned in fires and slaughtered by each other, and it is all more or less taken for granted. But should one large predatory white shark or mako choose to partake of a human, it

continued



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becomes headlines all over the world. The thought of being eaten, with large sharp white teeth tearing away your flesh and crunching your bones, is so horrifying that even the most experienced divers shake at the thought of it. The cry *Shark!* will send people stampeding out of the water in terror. Yet only a handful of such attacks occur each year.

Actually, even the great white shark, often called "man-eater," spends most of its time eating fish and squid, with an occasional sampling of turtle or sea lion. Sharks are very much a part of the environment; they are not horrid monsters from outer space sent to destroy the world. Although their ecology is a long way from being understood, sharks provide a much-needed service in the sea. To some degree they are cannibalistic, particularly when one of their kind is wounded or caught in a net. Little sharks are often found in the guts of bigger sharks.

If a large hammerhead is cut open, it will often be full of stingrays and its mouth perforated with the rays' venomous stingers. In all my years of working in the north Florida waters and traveling around the world I have never met anyone who had been attacked by a shark. I have, however, carried a number of screaming, miserable people to the hospital with stingray wounds in their hands or feet. Every year along the Gulf and Atlantic coasts stingrays inflict numerous injuries, and there is no estimating the number of marine catfish wounds, which are so painful one practically faints when perforated by their spines. People walk along the shallows and step on stingrays buried in the sand, and they are wounded by catfish when they take them off their hooks.

Some species of sharks like catfish. In fact, sharks are probably the only predators in the ocean that can consume them with impunity. There was once a shark-fishing tournament in Apalachicola, and large numbers of them were brought in and cut open by people ghoulishly looking for human remains, but they didn't find any. What they did find inside the 12-foot tiger sharks and 10-foot lemons were hundreds of partially digested spiny catfish.

My thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a large black fin popping up a few feet from the boat, and I shouted, "Shark!"

"That ain't no shark. That's a porpoise," said Edward, laughing. I felt foolish. Sure enough, the fin came up and the black back rolled and I could plainly see that it was a porpoise. Very likely it was eating some of the mullet heads, because bottle-nosed dolphins, as they are properly called, are very fond of mullet. Another porpoise surfaced, blew a loud phooof and went below.

We sat drifting for almost an hour. Once we went over and checked the bait and threw out more chum, but there was no activity. It was beginning to look like another wasted day; obviously the tide had changed, and it appeared that the sharks had headed out to sea.

Then Edward shouted, "We got one! We got one!" and pointed at our farthest jug. "Look at that son of a gun fight!"

The once-calm waters were seething. The big white jug shot under the surface and in an instant came exploding back up. Even from that distance we could see the big gray tail fins lash out of the water. "Let's get him! Let's get him be-

fore he gets away!" cried Leon as he jerked the starter cord. The motor responded with a roar, and we were whizzing toward the rapidly moving jug, gunsling on it.

The tunnel boat was the best kind for shark fishing, because its motor was mounted in an open box—the tunnel—in the bow, not on the stern. Leon could get right up on top of the jug no matter how fast the shark swam, dragging its concrete block behind it. If the shark veered off when it heard the motor approaching, Leon could turn equally fast. "Jack, get ready to shoot him," he said. "You may not have but one chance."

I stood waiting tensely with my arm outstretched and my .22 pistol pointing at the water. Leon reached down and grabbed the jug after it surfaced and braced himself. The shark sounded, almost wrenching Leon out of the boat, but he held on and yanked backward. For an instant I saw a gray spotted form appear beside the boat and I squeezed the trigger. Down went the shark, this time jerking the jug out of Leon's hands.

"All right, all right," he said irritably. "I'll get you this time. Jack, wait until I get him to break water, then let him have it."

Leon stepped back into the stern where Edward was able to help him grab the jug. "Now for God's sake don't let that rope wrap around your hand," he warned. "That son of a gun will pull you overboard. If you think you can't hold him, let him go."

They pulled with all their might, and this time I could plainly see the shark break water. It was a tiger shark, about an 8-footer. I saw its great broad head, the streamlined ridges of its caudal peduncle and tail and the distinctive grayish-white blotches on its silvery body. There was something magnificent about it, something exciting and wonderful in the way it was so efficiently constructed and so powerful. When they hauled back with all their strength, I saw its head, its jaws with teeth protruding in all directions, and I squeezed the trigger.

The shark went wild, it sounded, and Leon and Edward let go. The jug was bobbing around in a dizzying circle, but the wounded shark didn't have the strength to run any farther, and I knew now that it would only be a matter of time before we had him. We waited for a moment, then closed in and lifted the jug, but there was more fight left in the shark than we had anticipated.

When we pulled him up a second time, I fired again and again, putting three holes in its head. But I knew I had botched it, because in my excitement I had fired too low and the last bullet had gone into its heart. A great cloud of blood began to spread around the boat.

This time the shark didn't break away. It struggled but it was dying. Finally its struggles weakened, and when we all pulled and raised its head out of the water, I pressed my pistol against its skull and fired. I wanted to kill it as quickly as possible. I wanted the life to leave the shark now, so that it would be dead meat and not a living thing.

As I helped haul it out of the water I didn't feel like a hero. I knew that I had killed a noble creature that had roamed the seas for God knows how many years. No one knows how long a shark can live. Where this shark had been no one would know, either. It was a worldwide spe-

continued

cies. It may have wintered in South America, or it may have come up from the Bahamas, but now its life was ending and by my hand.

The shark was a long way from being finished, however. Even with its brain destroyed, its muscles and nerves were still functioning. For a delicate, easily damaged animal that probably wouldn't have survived a week in an aquarium without the most intensive care, this tiger shark put up quite a struggle. While Leon pulled the head out of the water, Edward and I grabbed the pectoral fins and hauled backward. The shark was slapping its tail wildly and gnashing its jaws. It was obvious that the three of us could not swing it into the boat.

"Hold this," said Leon, passing me the rope that was attached to the hook in the shark's mouth. While Edward and I struggled to keep the shark half out of the water, Leon tied the anchor rope behind the two pectoral fins. The straining and hauling were making the shark bleed more profusely, and I looked at the red water around the boat, knowing that the precious resource I was seeking was washing away into the sea. Yet there appeared to be plenty of blood. If we could only get him up, we might be finished with this sanguinary business.

With the shark tied securely, we all grabbed the fins and started hauling the fish backward, straining mightily to pull it out of the sea. "Now watch that son of a gun," warned Leon. "He'll bite your leg off before you know it. When we get him in, stand clear."

We gave one mighty pull, all our combined weight counterbalancing the shark's, and it emerged from the sea. As the monster came up over the side, the low gunwales of the tunnel boat pressed dangerously close to the water. "Let's not capsize this damn thing," Edward cried. The shark slipped the water with its tail and slid into the boat with us. It went wild again, pounding the plywood deck with its powerful tail, wriggling to and fro, its jaws snapping. And every time the tail slammed into the side of the boat, I could have sworn that I saw the seams springing. The shark flopped and bounced and shook and the little tunnel boat bobbed around.

I looked at the spilled blood on the deck. "Come on, let's get him up somehow," I said. "We've got to bleed him before we lose it all."

"I hate to fool with that damn thing," said Edward. "Let's let him be there for a while and finish dying."

"We can't," I said. "We have to get the blood out now, while his heart's still beating."

We tied a rope around the shark, grabbed it by the two pectoral fins and hoisted it up on the little metal boom in the stern. We used the boom to tow shrimp nets and haul drags, but it wasn't designed for such a heavy downward pull and almost bent under the strain. With all our weight countering the shark's bulk on the other end of the block, we succeeded in lifting it straight up so that only its tail was on the deck. Leon tied the shark off and it hung there limply, with only an occasional feeble twitch. Hurriedly I pulled out a gallon jar and pried off the lid of one of the bottles of heparin solution and dumped it in. Then Leon started sawing through the tail to get to the artery, and as soon as he did the blood started gushing out. By this time I was

thinking only of the blood and not of the shark, and I was happy to see the jug filling up.

Suddenly the shark came to life. Although Leon was holding the severed trunk of the tail steady to keep the blood gushing into the jar, he wasn't expecting that last surge. The tail swung out and knocked the jar from my hands, and the blood spilled all over the deck. At the same time the tail bashed me in the face and sent me sprawling backward on the deck. I was lying in the midst of the blood; it was all over my neck and face, and I could smell the sharp odor of uric acid. The bruised skin around my eye began to swell. I felt as if I had been hit by a sandpaper punching bag. I knew I'd have a whopper of a black eye.

I struggled to my feet and picked up the bloody jug, cursing as I dumped in more heparin. I jumped back to the shark. Even though I squeezed its tissues and massaged it and worked it over and over, trying to push the blood out, it was clear we wouldn't get half a gallon. I looked at all the blood over the deck, all that valuable blood, and I looked at this big creature of the open seas that had died in vain, and I felt lousy.

"We should have thought to lash its tail down," said Leon. "I sure hate that. But don't worry, with the next one we'll do better."

We looked out at the jugs and saw one moving, and we raced over to it, but by the time we arrived the jug was still. We lifted it up. The hook had been snatched off. Leon tied on another big hook, one that measured a good four inches, and basted it. Then he went over to the next jug and pulled it up and there was only a bare hook. When the sharks were in and feeding, keeping bait on the hooks was a chronic problem. Little sharks were very adept at snatching the bait off without getting hooked.

Only two jugs still had the original fish on them, but they were waterlogged and bloodless, so we replaced them with fresh mullet. Then in the middle of the jugs we dumped the tiger shark overboard, after slitting it open so that the other sharks would be attracted to it. I watched it sink out of sight like a stone. I was sorry to have sacrificed it and not to have used it wisely. I have gained a great deal of respect for tiger sharks over the years. They are attractive creatures, even more attractive than other sharks, and in an aquarium there is no more distinctive and aggressive-looking animal. Tiger sharks are probably the least discriminating sharks in the ocean. They have been implicated in attacks on man, and once in Honduras I spoke to a boat captain who had seen an 18-foot tiger bite a cow in half. Frequently we found horseshoe crabs and stingrays in their stomachs. When I had slit the stomach of ours open, I saw that it had eaten six large spiny boxfish, now partially digested. The fish were still inflated and bristling with spines, but it hadn't done them any good. Against most other predators the defensive mechanisms of a spiny boxfish are excellent. When attacked it rapidly gulps water and inflates like a balloon; the little spines become an armament of bristling thorns and the predator lets go. But the tiger didn't mind a bit; he just wolfed them down.

From the gut we also pulled out a plastic bag and several paper sacks that the shark had just consumed. It was some of the paper garbage we had dumped overboard.

continued



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OUT FOR BLOOD continued

When we had poured out the barrel of fish chum, we noticed the plastic bags and garbage sinking along with the fish heads. Tiger sharks are notorious for gobbling things up, and all sorts of indigestible man-made materials have turned up inside them.

There is only one species of tiger shark in the world, *Galeocerdo cuvieri*, and that makes them easy to identify. That's what I liked best about tiger sharks—they didn't require endless hours of trying to key them out, or hiring an ichthyologist to come down from Florida State to make positive identification. When supplying customers with organs or blood, I had a responsibility to see that the shark was properly classified. The distance between the eyes, the shape of the dorsal and caudal fins and serrations of the teeth all can make a difference in recognizing a species and telling it from another. But even a child could identify a tiger shark.

While I was feeling sorry for myself over losing the blood, another shark struck, and this time the jug shot under and out of sight. When it came up we saw it speeding over the surface. "That has to be a big one," yelled Leon. "From the way he's moving that jug and dragging those cinder blocks, he must be a heap bigger than the last. I'll bet anything it's another tiger."

We had a difficult time chasing the jug down. It took almost an hour before the shark tired and we could grab hold of it. When Leon finally caught up with the jug, he pulled it up and hurriedly wrapped it around the bow post, and the shark proceeded to tow us around the Gulf. At last it was exhausted, and we were able to pull it to the surface. I squeezed off a shot and hit the shark's nose. With a desperate splash it shot down into the depths, snatching the rope out of Leon's hands.

"He's going under the boat," Leon said. "Damn, he'll get tangled up in the prop." He shut the engine off, and it was a good thing he did. The outboard motor bounced on its shocks where the shark line had wrapped around it. We tried pulling the motor foot up out of the well, but the shark rope was too entangled. "We'll just have to unwrap it," said Leon. "Give me a hand, Jack."

We squatted down alongside the well and looked down into the bluish-green water, and Edward pulled the motor up

continued



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as far as it would go. Leon reached down and grabbed the rope, which was twisted around the prop, then pulled the shark up to get some slick and handed me the rope. Next he started unraveling the rope. I was watching absently, looking down into the water, when I saw a large grayish form appear directly under the boat. It was a shark headed right for Leon. I couldn't yell. It was happening too quickly. Leon was alert. He spotted the shark and jumped back. We heard the jaws snap shut where his hands had been, and the shark passed under the boat and came up alongside. It wasn't the shark we had hooked; it was another one that must have been 10 feet long.

"Damn!" said Leon. He was white and shaking. "I almost lost my hands. That damn thing almost bit me. I ain't never been so scared in all my life!"

"That must be the mate to the other shark," volunteered Edward. "Maybe it was trying to get the other one free."

"I doubt it," I said. "It was just a shark

and it saw a pair of hands in the water and struck at them." But I too was shaken. Never had I seen anything happen so fast, that big shape appearing out of nowhere.

After a while the hooked shark lost some of its fight as the bullet in its head took effect, and we were able to free the rope from the prop. The three of us hauled the shark up, and even though it was bigger than the first one, we dispatched it with a no-nonsense attitude. As soon as it broke water, I carefully aimed my shots and blasted away, demolishing its brain. This time, when we cut the caudal fin off and hoisted the shark up, we lashed the tail down firmly. There was no way it could waste blood. All my bullets had gone into its head, there was no damage to the heart and the shark had plenty of blood. Blood gushed out of the tail in a 1/4-inch stream, filling the gallon jug right to the brim. I shook it and stirred it to make sure it was well mixed with the heparin. I could

see that it was doing fine; there was no sign of coagulation. When the jug was filled, I screwed the lid down and stuffed it in ice. The shark was still bleeding profusely, so Edward handed me another jug. Why not get two gallons? There was no sense wasting it.

The second jug was almost full when the shark quit spouting; the last gasp of life was escaping from it. As we headed back for the dock with our Styrofoam chests filled with the jugs of blood, it occurred to me that this was really a dangerous business.

Collecting hermit crabs from the tide-flats, dipping up jellyfish from our dock, or taking barnacles off the pilings was a lot less risky than playing vampire to a tiger shark. But, still, sharks presented a lure and a challenge that I just couldn't resist.

I knew that when another order for sharks came in, I might grumble about it, but I would probably end up filing it—or trying to.

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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

FORGOTTEN MAN

Sir

For those of us who were around when Hack Wilson played, Mark Kram's article (*Why Ain't I in the Hall?*, April 11) is one of the best written, most poignant and most convincing ever to appear in your magazine.

EMIL STECK JR.
Pasadena, Calif.

Sir

As I stood in the crowd at the 1975 Hall of Fame induction ceremonies, watching Ralph Kiner receive his award, I couldn't help but notice this little old man who was fervently extolling another outfielder named Hack Wilson. Everyone just assumed the poor guy was senile, no one seemed to know much about a baseball player by the name of Hack Wilson. Afterward, the man told me that he lived in Chicago and had been a Cub fan for most of his 90 years. He said he'd seen great players come and go but that Hack had set records that will never be broken. And then he eagerly went on to cite all of Wilson's statistics. Even though this extraordinary character died before I was born, I suddenly became one of Wilson's fans. Kram was certainly accurate when he closed his article by saying that "the fans never forgot Hack Wilson. Only baseball did."

MARYVILH MATLOCK
Cooperstown, N.Y.

Sir

I remember Hack Wilson also. But not the way Mark Kram does.

I played second base for a club of traveling amateurs. We roamed the country during the summer months challenging any team we could find, usually another group of amateurs. Like Hack Wilson, we spent many a night and early morning in the speakeasies. One night, in fact, we met Mr. Wilson in one of these. What happened I have never forgotten and never will. A drink, another drink, a fight, and a shattered bottle of booze. Thanks to Mr. Wilson's rage, I have since viewed the right side of my life over the bridge of my nose. The sight of my right eye was gone; my ball playing days were over.

I suggest that Mr. Kram is searching for something with one of his eyes closed, too.

MARTIN SNOD
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir

I have won at least four pitchers of beer at the pub here answering trivia questions to which Hack Wilson was the answer. But like a lot of other people, I assumed he was already in the Hall of Fame. He had to be—150 RBIs!

So, maybe Hack is in bomer company being "on the out." Ten years from now there'll probably be some free agents elected to the Hall who couldn't bat in 150 runs with their mouths, although that's what'll get them there.

ROBERT M. KUNKEL
Essex, Mass.

Sir

Kram was right on except for the two fly balls Hack missed in the 1929 World Series. I listened to this game on radio, and the announcers and writers all said Hack lost those two fly balls in the sun and that he didn't have a chance. Even the great outfielders, the likes of DiMaggio, Mantle and Kaline couldn't have caught the two Hack was so unjustly criticized for missing.

MAX BRANESLEY
Forsyth, Mont.

Sir

I'm in no position to nominate Hack Wilson to the Hall of Fame, but Mark Kram should get an award for an exceptionally well-written story.

JONATHAN STETZ
Mercer Island High School
Mercer Island, Wash.

INS AND OUTS

Sir

In considering who ought to be in the Hall of Fame, Robert Creamer should have added Pete Browning (.343 lifetime average) and Arky Vaughan (.318 lifetime average, .385 in 1935).

Also, how can Gil Hodges be ignored?

EVAN CHARLES
Wynnewood, Pa.

Sir

Duke Snider hit 40 or more home runs for five consecutive seasons (1953-57) with the Brooklyn Dodgers. During this same period, the Duke averaged 117 RBIs per season. Such consistency merits Snider membership in the Hall of Fame, along with the other New York centerfielders of his day—Mantle, who is in, and Mays, who surely will make it when he becomes eligible.

JEAN JOHNSING
Garden City, N.Y.

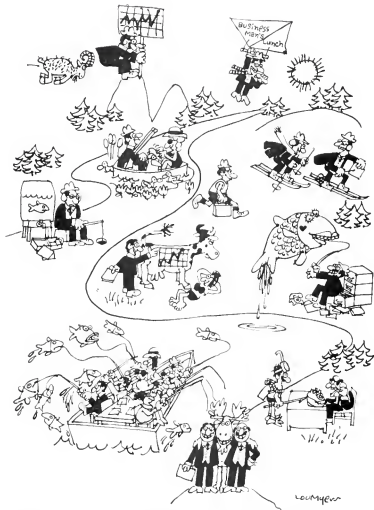
Sir

The writers who overlook Duke Snider are the same guys who would miss Raquel Welch in a crowded elevator.

LARRY DUBBY
Bellaire, Texas

Sir

Creamer did not have to go back before 1900 to find shortstops who deserve to be in the Hall of Fame. One of the travesties of the



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As I Saw It

by DAVID BUTWIN

THE SETTING WAS MINNESOTA. BUT THE RIVALRY WAS THE GIANTS VS. DODGERS

Baseball nostalgia knows no geographic limits. You didn't have to walk along Bedford Avenue or Coogan's Bluff to have memories, a point I've tried to make—also, in vain—in the 10 years since I came to New York. How often have I been drowned out in a crowd of "trivialists" recalling their whereabouts on Oct. 3, 1951 when Bobby Thomson hit the home run Well, I remember my whereabouts, too. I was 11 and heartbroken in St. Paul, Minn. I even cried a little that afternoon under the tired old apple tree in my backyard.

You see, I loved the Dodgers but only by proxy. Brooklyn owned the St. Paul Saints of the American Association in the late '40s and early '50s, so we St. Paulines were inextricably, one might even say umbilically, tied to the parent team. Across the Mississippi, the fans of the Minneapolis Millers were similarly attached to the New York Giants. It was a perfect minor league version of the Dodger-Giant rivalry. Minneapolis and its home grounds, Nicollet Park, though only a streetcar ride away, were as foreign and hostile to me as upper Manhattan and the Polo Grounds must have been to a kid from Brooklyn. Even now the images are vivid, if distorted. Mention the Saints, and I see crisp white uniforms and sunlight falling on the Lexington Park outfield grass. Mention the Millers and they appear in my mind, gray and menacing. The Millers always looked fat. I see them spitting Bull Durham.

At mid-century, just before the minor leagues began to disappear, the eight-team American Association was its stable as the National and American leagues. The Saints were stocked by the richest of all farm systems and supported by a populace not yet diverted by tennis camps, second homes and an encroaching football season. Down on the Triple A farm we saw the stars in their ascent—Duke Snider, Roy Campanella and Clem Labine at St. Paul. Willie Mays at Minneapolis. Mucky Mantle and Jack-

ie Jensen at Kansas City. Harvey Had-dix at Columbus. Herb Score at Indianapolis. Jim Piersall at Louisville.

We also watched the stars in their eclipse. Johnny Mize was farmed out to Kansas City late in his career, and in 1955 Monte Irvin, at 36, helped the Millers win a pennant. But it was the thirtyish veterans, the players just a shade below big-league quality, who formed the backbone of the American Association, gave the league its year-to-year continuity. Often they lasted four, five or six seasons, and we grew to know their quirks, their superstitions, their voices. One summer in the late '40s, a St. Paul pitcher, Mel Himes, rented a house a block from mine. The bolder neighborhood kids met Himes and were given splintered bats they patched up with screws and tape. Too shy to approach Himes, I walked past the white-frame house with hushed respect, as though some deity (not a mere Saint) lived within.

Had Eric (the Red) Tipton moved into my neighborhood, I would have been too star-struck to sleep at night. Tipton, No. 7, leftfielder and cleanup hitter, played six years with the Saints and seldom failed to drive in 100 runs. A 1938 All-America football player at Duke (and now the baseball coach at West Point), Tipton was doubtless the most popular figure in town. My oracles of the time—Marty O'Neill on WMIN radio and sportswriters Joe Hennessy and Mark Tierney—called him the People's Choice and Old Reliable.

There were others who came back to St. Paul each spring as surely as the lilacs: Earl Naylor, a smooth centerfielder; Ferrell Anderson, a husky catcher whose biceps bulged from short-sleeved flannels; Phil Haugstad, a 20-game winner whose hitting was so anemic that Johnny Hutchings, the fat Indianapolis reliever, once pitched his glove to him.

In 1949 the Saints won the pennant—their first since 1938—and the hated Millers finished far back in fourth. I saw 10 games that summer, and in the cloudless blue skies of my memory, the Saints won them all. Lexington Park, with its odd contours and dimensions, became as familiar to me as my own attic room. The left-field wall, 315 feet from the plate, was analogous to Fenway Park's Green Monster. Directly behind the fence was the Coliseum roller rink, topped by a

sloping gray roof. It took a long Tipton-esque blow to clear the Coliseum, most homers landing on the roof and dropping back onto the field.

Lexington's 10,109 seats were grouped along the foul lines in a single-tiered grandstand—a bandbox by big-league standards, but a penthouse compared to Nicollet in Minneapolis. The latter was a rotting tenement of a park, but a dream for left-handed hitters. Its right-field porch was only 279 feet from home, so the Millers packed their lineup with such left-handed villains as Chuck Workman, Babe Barna and Jack Harshman. No matter what the weather or standings, the Saints and Millers sold out almost all the 22 inter-city games every season. Each summer there were three peaks in the rivalry: home-and-home doubleheaders on Memorial Day, July 4th and Labor Day. There would be a morning game at one park, an afternoon game at the other. Packed streetcars carried fans back and forth between the cities.

Fights erupted routinely at Lexington and Nicollet—player vs. player, fan vs. fan, even player vs. fan. Evidently nothing in my era came close to matching the Saints-Millers brawl of July 4, 1929. A Minneapolis reporter called it "the most vicious affair ever witnessed at Nicollet" and noted that it "required fully a dozen policemen to quell the disturbance." I remember when Sal Yvars, a Minneapolis catcher, climbed into the stands to take on a Saints fan and was immediately declared Public Enemy No. 1 in St. Paul. In the 1950s Gene Mauch of the Millers throttled a St. Paulite who had been needing him through a bullhorn.

Young fans grow up, teams and leagues consolidate, old ballparks are torn down, and one day the summer sweetness is gone. For me it disappeared when Lexington Park was leveled after the 1956 season and a sterile new stadium (not a park, of course) was built on a drab industrial plot near the State Fairgrounds. Nicollet Park had come down in 1955, and the Millers had moved to a suburb called Bloomington, which in 1961 became the home of the Minnesota Twins, sealing the fate of minor league baseball in St. Paul and Minneapolis. It was a measure of the changing times that a supermarket was built on the site of Lexington Park and a drive-in bank at Nicollet's old corner.

Hall is that the two greatest shortstops of their era, Phil Rizzuto and Pee Wee Reese, have failed to gain election. The closed-mindedness of the voting winners is incredible. This kind of failure is the best justification for continued balloting by the Old-Timers' Committee.

JIM WHEGAT
New York City

Sir:
Are you trying to tell us that Red Schoendienst was as good a fielder as Charlie Gehringer?

HAROLD I. SINGLER
Portland, Ore.

Sir:
Take a Chance (Frank) and put Johnny Mize in his place at first.

DAVID AYERS
Baltimore

Sir:
Where is Johnny Vander Meer? Besides two no-hitters, he was the National League strikeout leader three times. Or Doc Cramer of the Red Sox? He was a great outfielder in the '30s. Or Larry MacPhail?

JOEL MEISNER
Brooklyn

Sir:
The irony of major league baseball today: Creamer described Max Carey's .285 lifetime batting average as "only . . . above average."

"Tommy McCarthy is described as "only a .292 hitter . . ." How would Mr. Creamer describe Bobby Grich's lifetime average of .261? That mediocrity of that sort is rewarded with a \$1.5 million contract speaks poorly of the owners who willingly dish it out at the expense of developing the kind of talent able to hit "only" .292.

Who can argue with the late Philip Wrigley's refusal to pay millions of dollars to the likes of Bobby Grich when he already had so much mediocrity playing for him at cut-rate prices?

LIE S. SIMONSON
Chicago

THE SEASON AHEAD

Sir:
I feel that your staff did an excellent job predicting the pennant races in all four divisions (April 11). My predictions were exactly the same. However, you made a big mistake by saying the Yankees wouldn't run away with the division. The Yanks will have at least 105 victories while second-place Boston should have no more than 90.

MARK MAGHAKIAN
Bronx, N.Y.

Sir:
You say the Cardinals will move from fifth to fourth this season. I say they'll win their division. Just watch.

BILLY DON BURTON
Cooter, Mo.

Sir:
You say the Twins will finish in fourth place in the Western Division of the Amer-

ican League. I say that they will give the Royals a tough run for first place and maybe even win the division.

TERRY PITTS
Park Hill, Okla.

Sir:
Baseball fans will be surprised at the young, scrappy Baltimore Orioles. Even with their lack of experience, the Orioles have a first-rate organization and a winning tradition. You say, "For the first time since 1967, Baltimore has no chance to win anything." Don't be surprised when September rolls around and the Birds are in the thick of a pennant chase.

ERIC BECKNER
Baltimore

Sir:
The Phillies are going all the way. Carlton, Kasat, Lonborg and Christenson are the best pitchers in the league. Luzinski, Maddox and Johnstone are the best outfielders, and Schmidt, Brow, Soremore and Heberer are the best infielders in history. And with the addition of rookies Andrews, Lerch and Jorg, the Phillies are on their way.

PETER GOLDMAN
Norristown, Pa.

Sir:
You say Joe Rudi is the best leftfielder in baseball. Have you forgotten George Foster of Cincinnati? Last year he hit .306, 936 higher than Rudi; he scored 32 more runs than Rudi. He also hit 16 more home runs and stole 17 bases compared to Rudi's six. He led the NL with 121 RBIs, and Rudi had only 94. Rudi outclassed Foster in only one offensive category—doubles. Moreover, Rudi trailed Foster in fielding percentage, having made only two errors in 332 chances to Rudi's three in 258 chances.

JIM RANFO
Fairborn, Ohio

Sir:
The Blue Jays and the Expos aren't doing all that badly in the new season, so it is not too soon, America, to prepare for a Canadian World Series. One particular problem must be faced. The late October weather could snow out the Series. As a result, it would have to be concluded the following May, because April is also too cold and/or snowy.

Furthermore, this would delay the opening of the 1978 season. There is a silver lining, however. All this would cut short the schedule.

ANDY HORVITZ
State College, Pa.

BRIDGE SCANDAL

Sir:
I believe the safest way to play bridge is by computer terminal (*It Wasn't All in the Cards*, April 11). The players can be isolated so no unauthorized communication can take place. It seems worth a try.

M. SIMON
Chicago

Brut 33 Deodorant Stick.

Solid protection
with the great
smell of Brut.



Glide-on protection against odor. Part of a complete line of Brut 33® grooming products for men—all with the great smell of Brut® by Fabergé.

Are you getting all the music from your records?

To get the complete experience, you must use the right equipment. The quality and the amount of music you hear depends on its performance. Since you pay for a big music when you buy a record, why not hear it all in home?

One simple and the most subtle way to hear the music you've received is to use color. It's a fun color, and it's understood that you're getting the most out of your money. Many things are building it up.



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19TH HOLE continued

SOCCER PREVIEW

Sir

Thank you for the look ahead at the NASL season (*A Laughing Matter* No Longer, April 11). But I don't think the Fort Lauderdale Strikers will occupy their division's basement, as you say. From the way they looked in their opener against St. Louis, I think they will have a good season.

LEA RINCIN
Miami, Fla.

Sir

You might be right as to who is going to win Soccer Bowl '77. But Coach Jimmy Garbner's Seattle Sounders will not wind up last. The Sounders are a good strong team, and despite a loss to Team Hawaii in their opener, I think they will finish first or second.

DANNY FINGER
Mercer Island, Wash.

Sir

Foreign players may be taking the NASL seriously, but what about our own sports media? Finding scores and stories of games in most newspapers is still next to impossible. How much longer do we have to wait until sportswriters admit there's something else being played before cheering crowds in the summer besides baseball?

JOHN LARSON
Rutland, Vt.

GRAND PRIX

Sir

We attended this year's U.S. Grand Prix West and couldn't have been more delighted with the outcome (*Bull's-Eye for the Black Dart*, April 11). We hope Mario Andretti's racing luck has changed for the better so that his true greatness will now shine through.

STEVE AND LISA VOIVODAS
Encino, Calif.

SAWGRASS

Sir

After my recent stay at Sawgrass I fully agree with your article (*In a Class All by Itself—For Now*, March 28). I saw water moccasins and alligators, I found the course to be extremely tough, with 200 acres of fresh-water ponds, plus 111 sand traps, some as long as 50 yards. I must admit, though, that the course was in fantastic shape, even if my viewpoint most of the time was from swamppland out of bounds. I feel the TPC should remain at Sawgrass, as it is a test of skill, concentration and the ability to maintain your composure.

STEVE RYCKMAN
London, Ontario

A LITTLE GOOD NEWS

Sir

I am one sports fan who is sick of lawsuits, broken contracts, strike threats and walkouts. Give us more good news like U.S.C. swimmer Joe Bottom's miraculous healing and glorification of God, not self (*Bottom Was on Top in Very Fast Company*, April 4).

TOM BARTELS
Colorado Springs, Colo.

COLLEGE BOXING

Sir

I enjoyed Robert Boyle's report on the second annual National Collegiate Boxing Association championships (*It's That Old College Try*, April 11).

For the record, while it is true that the first official NCAA tournament was held in 1937, two NCAA-sponsored tournaments were held before that date, the first taking place at Penn State in 1932 as a tryout for collegiate Olympic team candidates. The tournament drew 75 boxers from 35 colleges. The second was held in 1936, again an Olympic year, at the University of Virginia.

Boxing in the '20s and '30s was considerably different from today's collegiate version. For one thing, the boxers didn't wear headgear, cheering wasn't permitted during rounds and ring officials, as well as sportswriters, usually sported tuxedos.

GEORGE A. SCOTT
Editor Emeritus
The Progress
Clearfield, Pa.

DEFENDING OUR PASTIME

Sir

If Steve Vande Zande of Tucson (*19TH HOLE*, April 11), who claims baseball is "the slowest, dullest, most boring game ever," expects you to turn your attention away from the great sport, I suggest he subscribe to *Tidallywinks Illustrated*, instead.

DAN AND BOB HOWALO
Philadelphia

Sir

I hope you're not taking Vande Zande's advice or even considering it. Baseball has always been and will always be this nation's pastime and its most interesting sport. If he doesn't like it he can move to Russia!

PETE HOWARD
Santa Maria, Calif.

Sir

I totally agree with Mr. Vande Zande. I personally think hockey is the most exciting, most interesting sport ever. It's a shame hockey isn't more popular in the U.S.

JOAN GALEOTTE
Brooklyn

Sir

Since the Russians have not claimed to have invented baseball, let them have Mr. Vande Zande instead.

MARK HUEMAN
Bronxville, N.Y.

Sir

Any game that can hold my wife's attention from start to finish and prompt her to ask me to take her out to the ball game is worth something.

CHAS. L. RICHARDSON
Columbus, Ohio

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York, 10020.

BUICK REGAL

\$5,115^{05*}



How to talk yourself into a Buick.

Let's say you're looking for a new car. And, just for the sake of argument, let's also suppose that, like many people, you're in the market for a mid-size.

If that be the case, we suspect that you are hard pressed to make a decision. For heaven knows, there are a lot of mid-size cars to choose from.

But before you settle on one, we suggest you take a close personal look at the magnificent mid-size pictured above. The Buick Regal.

Be honest now. Even though you sure wouldn't mind driving around in a Buick, it's quite possible you haven't even considered the Regal. Because the mere mention of the name Buick conjures up elegance, luxury, prestige, and consequently, expense.

Well, this part about the elegance and what-not is all true. But the expense? Balderdash.

*That Regal, as you see it equipped, with power steering, power brakes, available stowaway spare

tire, automatic transmission, whitewall tires and AM radio, carries a manufacturer's suggested retail price of \$5,115.05, including dealer preparation. Tax, license, destination charges, and other available equipment additional. Priced higher in California.

Which, if you've done any comparative shopping at all, is a darn good price for any good mid-size car. But for a Buick, it's incredible.



BUICK

If you're thinking about a mid-size, and you're not thinking about a Regal, maybe you'd better think again.

If you agree, see your Buick dealer.

After you've seen the Regal, you'll talk yourself into it.

Bigfoot's feeding ground: We hid a case of Canadian Club here, then ran like crazy.

Here's how you can find the C.C.



This scene taken from a priceless 1967 James movie film (1967) shows a female Bigfoot on the banks of Bluff Creek in California.

able 17½-inch footprints so common in the area. Each man had studied firsthand accounts of the creature's behavior, including most of the confirmed Bigfoot sightings. And yes, at times each man struggled with a special kind of fear.

For more than 165 years tales of Bigfoot, a massive 8-foot-tall, 500-pound humanoid, have haunted the natives and visitors in the rugged Pacific Northwest. Considerable evidence indicates that Bigfoot is in fact now stalking the dark forests and lurking in the dank ravines along the Cascade Mountain Range.

Keep your ears open! Watch your back!

Our burial party moved with caution once we learned that thousands of respected people from around the world believed in Bigfoot's existence. So with a 48-pound case of Canadian Club strapped firmly to one man's back, we deployed five other men to cover his front, rear and flank.

Each man was carefully trained to spot the incred-



This plaster cast of a Bigfoot print measures 17½ inches in length, 7 inches in width.

On November 5, 1976, after hours spent threading our way through this primeval forest, we found Bigfoot's feeding ground, buried the case of C.C., and quickly returned to civilization. But for the rest of our lives we will never know what some of us suspected all along...that Bigfoot himself was watching our every move.

Directions for a few brave souls.

The buried C.C. is located almost the same number of miles south of Canada's Good Hope Mountain (elevation 10,617) as it is north of Bluff Creek in northwestern California.

You'll know you're on the right track when you stumble on a temporarily dormant volcano. Now proceed somewhere between 6 and 9



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A fallen Douglas fir makes a mighty handy bridge across a treacherous mountain stream.

miles (as the eagle flies) from this mountain's frigid peak to an eerie pile of broken green rocks.

Standing high on this unnatural rock pile, walk 65 paces due east to a stream. Turn and walk 70 paces due south. Then freeze in your tracks. Because exactly 11 inches below the soft, virgin forest floor 12 bottles of C.C. are resting peacefully.

Most people will choose to enjoy the smooth taste of Canadian Club in the security of their own homes and never venture into Bigfoot's feeding ground. And for that, nobody can blame them. But, if you are the brave one who searches for and finds our delicious treasure, we strongly advise you not to linger in the forest.

Canadian Club
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Think of it as a TV control room in your set.**

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Color Sentry does it all for you — scene to scene, channel to channel, automatically.

It makes a difference you can see. So see it for yourself on selected Chromacolor II® models. Only at your Zenith dealer.

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